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HON. ALEX. H. STEPHENS, OF GEORGIA.

ONE of the ablest and the oldest members of the House of Representatives, and decidedly the most remarkable in personal appearance, is Alexander Hamilton Stephens, who represents the eighth Congressional district of Georgia, which comprises the City of Augusta and the fertile region about it. He was named Alexander after his grandfather, who served in the colonial forces defeated under Braddock, and afterward in the campaigns of the Revolution with the troops from Pennsylvania, where he resided, and from whence he removed to Georgia in 1795; and Hamilton after a favorite preacher who was much beloved in that State. His father, Andrew B. Stephens, was a planter of moderate means and industrious habits; his mother (Margaret Grier) was a sister to the famous compiler of Grier's Almanacs, as celebrated at the South as were those of Thomas at the North. His mother died when he was an infant, leaving him with four brothers and one sister, of whom only one brother now survives.

Mr. Stephens was born on the 11th of February, 1812, on his father's plantation at Talliaferro, near Crawfordsville, in Talliaferro [pronounced *Tolliver*] County, Georgia. When in his fourteenth year his father died, and the homestead was sold, his portion of the entire estate being about five hundred dollars. With a commendable Anglo-Saxon love of his ancestral acres rarely witnessed on this continent, Mr. Stephens has since re-purchased the original estate, which comprised about two hundred and fifty acres, and has added to it about six hundred. Here he resides, and all his affections are centred at this rural and life-cherished home.

After the death of his father good friends offered to give young Stephens a classical education, and he accepted their aid, but only on condition that the money advanced should be considered a loan. In nine months he completed his preparatory studies, and entered the University of Georgia, at Athens, in 1828. He had little taste for any study except the Latin classics, but applied himself with such diligence that he graduated in 1832 at the head of his class. His health had been seriously impaired, but he immediately commenced teaching a public school at Madison, by which, with subsequent employment as a private tutor, he earned sufficient money to repay in full the sums advanced by his friends to defray his collegiate expenses. Then, in the hope of recruiting his health, he made a tour on horseback through the picturesque mountain region of Georgia, which the pen and the pencil of Mr. Richards have so admirably illustrated.

In May, 1834, Mr. Stephens commenced the study of law in his native town, without the aid of any teacher. His health was miserable, yet he struggled forward, was admitted to the bar, and in less than twelve months was engaged in the most important cases in the county. His eloquence had a powerful effect upon the juries which he addressed, enforcing as it did arguments of admirable simplicity, legal weight, and perspicuous exhibition of fact—showing a mind deeply imbued with the science of his profession. Few, if any, members of the Georgia bar have exhibited talent of a higher order, a genius of more vigor, a legal acumen of deeper investigation.

In 1836, while dangerously ill with congestive fever, Mr. Stephens was elected a member of the Georgia Legislature, in the lower branch of which he served in 1837, '38, '39, and '40. His forensic talents and sound judgment soon gave him weight and influence in that body. Among his first, if not his very first effort, was a successful championship of the Georgia Railroad, against which there was a powerful opposition, but which all citizens of that State now acknowledge was the first step toward the prosperity and influence she now enjoys. In 1841 he positively declined a re-election, wishing, if possible, to obtain health.

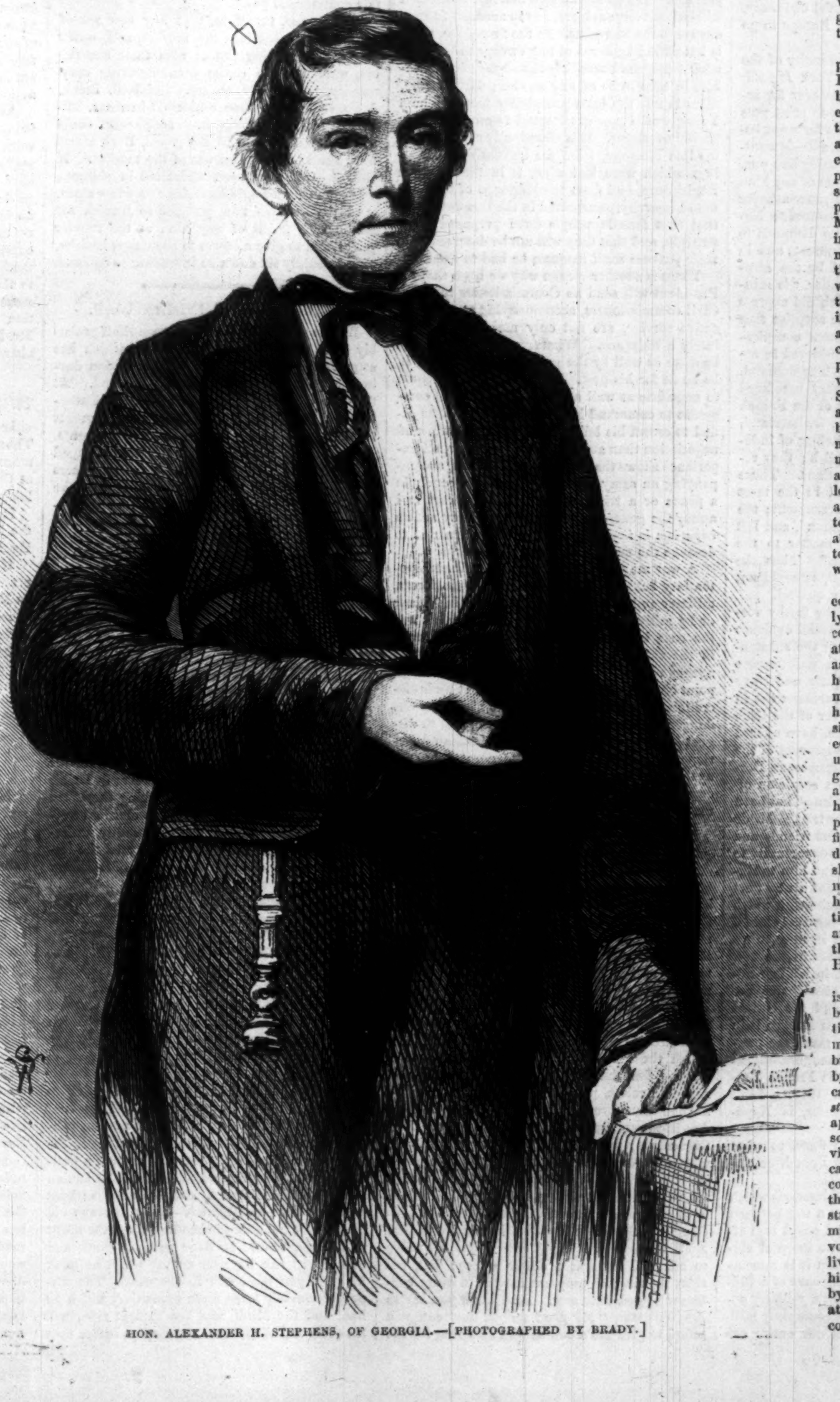
In 1842 he was persuaded to accept a seat in the State Senate, where he again distinguished himself both in debate and in the unostentatious but most important task of forwarding the public business. It is rare that a public man possessing a high order of oratorical talent has those habits of indefatigable application and persevering industry so necessary in the committee-room; yet in Mr. Stephens these great and useful qualities are admirably harmonized. A matter intrusted to his care, either officially or by friends, is always carefully examined and never neglected.

In 1843 Mr. Stephens was, without his knowledge, nominated as a candidate for Congress, to fill a vacancy. He "took the stump," and, after a most exciting political contest, was elected. The House of Representatives was then generally graced by gentlemen of unquestionable honesty, finished education, and statesmanlike ability, and among these Mr. Stephens soon became prominent. He was a member of the Whig party in its palmy days, and his speeches at home carried the State. Nor was he ever backward in attending conventions and meetings in other parts of the country when his health permitted him to gratify the earnest invitations extended him.

Since the dissolution of the Whig party Mr. Stephens has acted in the House with the "Men of the South;" but the comet-like light of his powerful mind shines brightly among the disorganizing spirits around him and commands respect. In the present era of faction, selfishness, or suspicion, no one has whispered an accusation of selfish motives, sordid purposes, or degrading intrigues against Mr. Stephens. He has served prominently on the most important committees, and effected the passage of the Nebraska Bill through the House when even the warmest friends of the measure despaired of accomplishing that end. The opponents of the act were endeavoring to defeat it by continuing the debate until the expiration of the session, and they would have succeeded had not Mr. Stephens moved to strike out the enacting clause, and thus shut off debate. This parliamentary achievement gave Mr. Stephens a high reputation as a successful "tactician;" and the Administration was, doubtless, well pleased at his appointment as chairman of the present Committee on Territories, and subsequently as chairman of the special committee to which the Lecompton Constitution was referred.

Mr. Stephens is most distinguished as an orator, although he certainly does not look like one who can command the attention of the House at any time, on any topic, and so long as he may desire to speak. His health, as we have previously remarked, is very feeble—indeed, he has been, apparently, at death's door since childhood, having been afflicted with four abscesses, and a continued derangement of the liver, which gives him a consumptive appearance, although his lungs are sound. He has never weighed over ninety-six pounds; and to see his attenuated figure bent over his desk—the shoulders contracted, and the shape of his slender limbs visible through his garments—a stranger would never select him as the "John Randolph" of our time, more dreaded as an adversary, and more prized as an ally in debate, than any other man in the national House of Representatives.

The style of Mr. Stephens's oratory is decidedly florid, with occasional bursts of keen satire and scintillations of brilliant wit as he passes, meteor-like, from topic to topic—building up his solid argument step by step. Every point has been so carefully studied that *no trace of study is perceptible* as he dashes along, apparently discovering (by a glance so rapid as to seem intuition) new views of the subject which common capacities struggle laboriously to comprehend; and he brings forward those which favor his cause in so strong a light that the gorgeous illumination of his rhetoric casts unfavorable truths into a shadow of oblivion. Above all, he never abuses his position to delay public business by making a speech merely for effect at home—satisfied, probably, that his constituents know well that he will



HON. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, OF GEORGIA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

not only faithfully represent their wants and their wishes, but will worthily act his part in advancing the prosperity of this glorious confederacy of States.

Mr. Stephens is a most amiable, agreeable gentleman, possessing refined tastes, and (although a bachelor) fond of social enjoyment. He is a most devoted friend, ever ready to serve those whom he considers worthy of his powerful support, and never cherishing resentment. Above all, he possesses what talents may adorn, but what talents can never furnish—the *mens conscia recti*—an enlightened Christian virtue and inflexible integrity. Those who are led by sectional prejudices to think that he has often gone astray in political opinion have only to know him to be proud of his personal friendship.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 10, 1858.

THE RUMORS OF WAR BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

THE week has been enlivened by rumors of war between England and France. The New York *Herald*, in a series of elaborate articles, has argued that it is Napoleon's best policy to quarrel with England, in order to retain the affection of the anti-English military and agricultural classes of France; and the money editor of the London *Times*, in his letters to the *Commercial Advertiser* of this city, has not only predicted a war between the Allies, but with less sagacity than might have been expected from one so experienced, has actually fixed the period at which the first outbreak of hostilities might be expected to take place. Six months was the interval of peace which the money editor at first conceded to the world; on second thoughts he changed his mind, and, with frightful obduracy, sentenced the maritime powers of Europe to go to war in sixty days.

Even admitting the general ingenuity of the arguments put forth in the New York *Herald*, there is absolutely no ground whatever for arriving at the conclusions which that print puts forth. The first essential requisite for a war between England and France—a pretext—is wanting. There is no *casus belli*—nothing like one. There is no clear, well-defined issue of any kind between the two governments. France asks for nothing which England does not concede; England, it need not be said, has no demands to urge. On the impulse of the moment, and in the indignation naturally caused by the atrocious attempt of the Rue Lepelletier, the ministers of the Emperor of the French did express in terms of Gallic emphasis their surprise that the laws of England did not repress conspiracies which have eight times culminated in attempts upon the Emperor's life. The demand, which was simultaneous with very barefaced instances of dictation on the part of the French to the governments of Belgium, Switzerland, and Piedmont, roused a manly feeling of independence on the part of the English; they resented it, and demanded explanations. Those explanations have been tendered in the most candid manner by the French Government; the Emperor has withdrawn his demand, and left the ultimate regulation of the matter to the "loyalty of the English people." Thus the matter stands; and even an Œdipus could not here discover the least basis for a quarrel.

More than this, passing over the frothy verbiage of the press, we have substantial evidence of the most cordial desire among the substantial classes in both countries for a maintenance of the alliance. The British Army and Navy Club, hearing that copies of a sarcastic cut in *Punch* had been sent under cover of the Club envelopes to the French Colonels, have offered a reward of fifty pounds for the discovery of the author of the outrage. The Frenchman Bernard, very slenderly tainted with suspicion of being concerned in the late conspiracy, has been arrested in London, and held for trial. M. de Persigny, one of Napoleon's oldest friends and closest confidants, has seized this opportunity to draw still closer the ties which bind him to England. The Emperor is fitting out a new fleet to aid the English in their quarrel—with which the French have nothing to do—against China. Lord Stanley, who, young as he is, may be regarded as one of the leading minds in the new Ministry, declares emphatically, in his late address to his constituents, that, considering the menacing greatness of Russia and the United States, the only safety for Western Europe is in the unshakable alliance of the maritime powers. Lord Derby, his father, inaugurated the policy of a close alliance with the French Emperor during his ministry, in 1842. Lord Malmesbury, the Foreign Minister, is Napoleon's intimate personal friend.

In opposition to these stern facts, to what does the gabble of this or that French or English newspaper amount?

There are other practical considerations which show the absurdity of expecting a war between England and France. England could best afford it, as being distracted by no internal elements of disturbance. But when it is remembered that, in addition to the expense of a Chinese war, England is engaged in a military operation in India which will cost some sixty million a year—nearly as much as our entire expenditure—how can it be supposed that she will embark, on a point of honor, in another war, which would cost ten times as much? As to France, the idea of a war with England would be the ruin of the Empire. In six weeks, as the *Herald* says, there would be nothing left of the Napoleon dynasty. Ten millions of pounds—a mere bagatelle for the British Government—and a few hundred judicious agents, with Changarnier, Ledru Rollin, and Louis Blanc at their head, would upset the Empire in thirty days. Does any sane person suppose that the Emperor and his advisers are blind to a contingency which is so palpable to us?

THE SETTLEMENT OF THE MORMON AFFAIR.

WITHIN the next thirty or forty days it is likely that the Mormon trouble will be brought to an end, one way or another. General Johnston, it is to be presumed, will not wait either for further instructions or reinforcements, but on the first of the spring will strike his tents, and, making Fort Bridger a basis of operations, will proceed to invade the settlement at Salt Lake, and to take military possession of the city. If the Mormons are going to fight, it is likely that the first battle—probably a decisive one—will take place in April or early in May. From all accounts the spring throughout the country, and especially in the West, is going to be earlier than usual; and we may be sure that the Utah army will remain at Camp Scott no longer than the weather compels them to stay there.

There is a rumor at Washington that Major Ben M'Culloch and one or two other gentlemen are about to be accredited to Brigham Young as Civil Commissioners, with power to effect a compromise. We do not believe that Mr. Buchanan will commit any such error as to accredit further envoys to the Mormons. In the first place, there is but little likelihood of any envoys to be hereafter dispatched reaching the scene of their labors in time to be of any service; furthermore, there is not the least probability that Brigham Young would now condescend to entertain new pacific overtures. It is abundantly evident from his late Message, from the legislative proceedings which were had upon it in the Mormon Legislature, and from the language of the Mormon hierarchy, as reported in the Deseret *News*, that that fanatic people have prepared for a struggle, and that they will not be deterred from their purpose until recourse be had to arms.

There is another reason why we hope that the President will send no Commissioners to Utah. Civil commissioners, accompanying an army on active service, are not only useless but absolutely a nuisance. Whatever they can do can be done as well by the general commanding, if he be fit for his post. He is the proper person to negotiate as well as to fight. If he be competent to command his army, he is better qualified to crown his labors by the ultimate work of negotiation than any one else. Moreover, all experience shows that civil commissioners, accompanying an army, and empowered to conclude a peace or a truce, are certain to thwart and annoy the general commanding. They are an *imperium in imperio*, which is well calculated to damage the success of the whole enterprise.

A war may be carried on by a civil plenipotentiary having under his orders certain forces, military and naval, as is now the case in China; or by military commanders exclusively, as was the case in the late operations against Russia in the Crimea. But to carry on a war by the agency of a soldier, and at the same time to appoint civil functionaries with power, at their discretion, to oppose and counteract him, is to endanger the fortune of the enterprise, and to disgust all parties concerned. Our Mexican experience should surely protect General Johnston against the annoyance of commissioners in his camp lording it over him and controlling his movements.

GIFT ENTERPRISES.

THE undertakers of the schemes popularly known as Gift Enterprises have issued manifestoes against the Mayor and police for arresting their fraudulent operations. They conceive it to be hard that, in this free country, they can not be suffered to delude the public without molestation.

It is, perhaps, doing them too much honor to follow them in their line of argument; but, for a moment, let us do so. The reasoning on which these enterprises are defended is this: They claim that the manufacturers of books, rings, bracelets, paintings, and what not, make an enormous profit on their wares; that they, dog-in-the-manger-like, keep all this profit for themselves; whereas the gift enterprise people, with sagacious liberality, propose to divide profits with their customers, the share of the undertakers of the enterprise being "planked" in hard cash, while that of the customers is handed over in the shape of gifts. For instance, Mr. Ap Williams gets up a gift enterprise. He offers to sell gold rings at a dollar apiece; but, besides the ring, he proposes to give to every customer a good milk cow. And when you say to Ap Williams, "My good fellow, how can you afford to give me a cow as well as a ring for the price of a ring?" he answers, triumphantly, "The reason is that I am sharing profits with you on the ring." In other words, he avows that he makes so enormous a profit on his rings that he can afford to throw cows into the bargain.

Now, according to Ap Williams's own showing, he must be a monstrous rogue. If his profit on the ring is so great that he can afford to throw in a cow to boot, then every body who wants rings had better deal with Tiffany or Ball and Black, who don't pretend to make such huge profits on their sales. And if Ap Williams does not make so large a profit as to enable him to afford to throw in the cow, then, on the face of it, he intends to break faith with his dealers, and defraud them in some way or another.

This talk about monstrous profits made by manufacturers, and selfishly monopolized by them, is all nonsense. Prices are the product of demand and supply; in other words, they are stimulated by consumption and restrained by competition. If there be a general desire for gold rings on the part of the public, persons who have gold rings to sell will realize profits on the sale of them; but those profits will be curtailed by the necessary tendency of each vender to undersell his neighbors. If, for instance, Ball, Black, & Co. undertake to make more than a fair profit on gold rings, Tiffany & Co. will immediately undersell them, and drive them out of the market. The very fear of this will prevent Ball, Black, & Co. from setting any higher price on their rings than fair trade warrants. So with all other articles of commerce. In every highly active commercial community it may be taken for granted that every common article of merchandise is sold by the regular dealers at as low a price as it can be made for, adding thereto the usual fair commercial profit.

To suppose, therefore, that any new set of dealers can come into the market, and, under pretense of sharing profits with their customers, undersell the entire manufacturing community, is palpably absurd. If Ball, Black, & Co. could have been undersold in rings, Tiffany would have done it. If Stewart could have been undersold in dry goods, Beck would have gladly driven him out of the market. If Goupil could have been undersold in pictures, a dozen dealers would have done so years since. And parties who now pretend to furnish the public with goods of any kind at the regular prices, and to give a bonus to customers besides, may be boldly set down as intending to defraud.

CLOSE OF THE INDIAN WAR.

BY the next mail from India we shall probably hear that the famous rebellion which has attracted so much of the world's attention during the past year has been finally crushed. At the time our latest advices left Sir Colin Campbell had completed his beautiful arrangements for the annihilation of the remaining insurgents. For some weeks he has been laboriously engaged in chasing the various flying bodies of mutineers into Lucknow; in clearing and occupying the principal roads leading to that city; and in gathering a sufficient force to make a vigorous assault upon it. His preparations were nearly complete when the last mail left; the head of his army had already crossed the Ganges; and in all human probability, between the 24th February and 1st March, the great battle was fought which settled the fate of the mutiny.

Until Sir Colin Campbell arrived in India the operations of the British troops vindicated the well-known reputation of the British for bravery and gallantry, but hardly added much to their fame as strategists. The attack on Delhi, which shed such lustre on the handful of troops who took part in it, was not, in a military point of view, a judicious operation; it would have been far better to have gathered the mutineers in Delhi, and to have waited, before attacking them, till the besiegers had force enough to close all avenues of escape. Again, one can readily understand how no man of heart could resist the imploring appeals of the noble garrison of Lucknow for relief; yet there is no doubt but it was, in a military point of view, a sad error in Havelock and Outram to cut their way through that city at a loss of one-third their force.

Only Sir Colin Campbell has committed not the smallest error. All his operations have been characterized by caution, coolness, and skill. The manner in which he retrieved the disaster of Wyndham, the splendid manœuvring which enabled him to extricate the Lucknow garrison from their wretched prison, and afterward to withdraw his own force, comparatively without loss, have elicited from the best foreign critics the remark that he is the first general England has had since Wellington. It may now be safely predicted of him that he will destroy Lucknow, and administer to the Sepoys such a punishment as will remain a terrible tale in Indian story for generations to come, almost without any loss. He understands—what so many old generals do not—that in modern times the brunt of fighting should be done with big guns, and that if you can hit your enemy while he can't hit you, you must win in the end. The disproportionately large force of artillery which he has, and the Minié and the Enfield rifle, will make an end of the Lucknow Sepoys before they have an opportunity of showing their skill as marksmen against Sir Colin's force.

UNITED STATES INTERESTS IN CHINA.

THE New York *Times* sneers at Minister Reed for his neutral attitude in the pending contest in China, and sarcastically suggests that he should make love to Lord Elgin for an invitation to accompany him to Pekin as his guest.

This notion is very natural and proper in the mouth of Englishmen, to whom the co-operation of the United States in the Chinese war would be of some benefit; but why any American authority should desire to see this country involved in a quarrel which does not concern us, which would cost us much money, and might not yield any return, is not so easily perceived.

The English went to war with China without any particular cause. Lord Palmerston was glad enough to divert attention from domestic embarrassments by assuming the vindication of the petty wrongs of Mr. Consul Parkes. In the end, it is quite possible that the war will prove a gain to civilization and commerce; though it must be admitted that the prospect at the present time is not overwhelmingly encouraging. The Chinese don't seem to want any thing of us, and it is not easy to perceive how we can get what we take from them on better terms than we get it at present. However, the changes which may grow out of the war may develop new commercial opportunities; it will be something to obtain the entry of the great rivers. We may, therefore, entertain sympathy for the cause which the French and English are prosecuting.

But between this sympathy and active cooperation with the belligerents there is a wide gulf: the *Times* would do well to explain the grounds on which it can be traversed. We have no quarrel with the Chinese. No consul of ours has been snubbed. How can we, in the face of an intelligent world, and with our reputation as a peaceful people, make war on a nation which has done us no wrong?

As to our duty as a leading member of the family of nations, and a co-partner in the great work of extending civilization and commerce, we have chosen our field—Japan. Perhaps we have not done as much in that field as we might; no doubt there is yet glory to be reaped at Jeddo by future sailors and diplomatists. But till we fail there, it is best that we should confine ourselves to the Japanese enterprise, and leave the Chinese oyster to those who have a legal right to thrust in their knife. The *Times* would do more good by suggesting a new Japan expedition than by taunting the Administration and Mr. Reed with an inactivity which could not be abandoned without injustice and folly.

THE CASE OF ALLSOP THE REFUGEE.

IT seems quite certain that the Englishman Thomas Allsop, who gave the order for the manufacture of the grenades which were thrown at the Emperor of the French, is, or has been lately, in this city in concealment.

It seems also beyond doubt that the city has the honor to contain half a dozen French and English detectives, on the scent of said Allsop.

If it be true that the British and French Governments have sent detectives after Allsop as far as New York, the next thing for them to do is to send for them home again. They will never reclaim him from this country. And it is much to be feared that, if the foreign detectives make themselves very active in the matter, the powerful protection of our Metropolitan Police may prove inadequate to guard them against the wrath of the foreign exiles.

THE RAILROAD QUESTION.

MR. MORAN, the President of the New York and Erie Railway Company, has returned from Europe, having obtained there enough money to save that great enterprise from immediate ruin. He has obtained, it is understood, four millions of dollars, one half payable in unsecured bonds of the company, the balance in cash. By suspending for a time certain works of improvement and extension which were in progress, the Erie Company will, with this timely aid, be enabled to weather the present storm.

Simultaneously with this fortunate consummation, we may note the adoption, on the Hudson River and New York Central railways, of reforms and economies which are alone equivalent to a fair dividend on the stock of both. The former company, which has never paid a dividend, has so sensibly curtailed its expenses that, with a good business this year, it may pay as handsome a percentage to its proprietors as the New York Central itself.

Similar improvements are going on in other railroad companies. The old policy of sacrificing the permanent interests of the road to the payment of immediate returns on the stock has generally been abandoned; the Rock Island road, for instance, which, under the old system, would infallibly have paid its regular April dividend, even if it had had to borrow the whole of it, now wisely proposes to leave it unpaid, and keep the balance of earnings in store for the next dividend day. Other Western lines—the

Cleveland and Toledo, for instance—have manfully announced that they do not intend to pay any more dividends on their stock until their whole floating debt is extinguished.

This, at last, is a step in the right direction. Whatever may be the ultimate fate of our railways as money-making enterprises, there can be no question of the folly of the old system of borrowing money to pay dividends on stock, or of paying dividends when the company which paid them was at the time carrying a great floating debt at usurious rates of interest. The least that can be said of this policy is, that it was dishonest. It now remains to be seen which of our railways—those great creators of wealth, and prosperity, and commerce, and civilization—can, with the aid of honesty and economy, be raised to the rank of permanently and reliably dividend-paying enterprises.

THE LOUNGER.

BELLES-LETTRES.

"MRS. GRUNDY presents her compliments to the Lounger, and wishes to know whether he considers it proper that she and the Misses Grundy should attend the *bals masqués* about to be given at the Academy by Musard. During her residence in Paris, Mrs. Grundy was persuaded to visit the Musard balls at the French Opera, at which she saw a great many gentlemen in false noses, if not whiskers, and very many young ladies in—in—in short, trowsers. If that is to be the costume expected in Irving Place, it is hardly necessary for Mrs. Grundy to state that she shall on no account conform to the regulations, and that while Mr. Ganymede Grundy will wear noses at his own discretion, the Misses Grundy will *not* wear trowsers.

"An early answer will oblige."

—The Lounger hastens to present his respectful compliments to Mrs. Grundy, and to express his sense of the honor done him by the inquiry of the most influential lady in society. It is presumptuous in him to adventure a suggestion to the very Queen of Society, and, excepting that he considers her requests as commands, he should pray only to be admitted to listen to her own instructions.

In the present case, the tutelary genius of our fashion and good manners, the Napoleon of the Opera, has not only told us who Musard is, and what a world-wide fame he has, and what a second-rate swell Mr. Jullien is, and what "supreme elegance" of manners distinguishes the great composer, and how not to frequent Musard is not to know Paris—not only has Napoleon told us all these things, with a grace and splendor of style which surpass even the charm of the novel and interesting truths themselves, but he has added, with a subtlety worthy of Walewski himself, a description of masks, and the details of their construction; also the cardinal principles of dominos; and with a sly stroke, betraying his just opinion of his public, caps the whole, by informing us that the black silk for the domino is used in its natural breadths!! Could the skill of Napoleon go farther? After you have used your black silk as a domino, Dear Mrs. Grundy, Napoleon insinuates that you can make it into a gown—or dress, "much more proper."

But farther than this, and bearing directly upon your question, he states that ladies will be admitted only with gentlemen; that ladies only will be allowed to mask; and that thus the utmost respectability will be preserved. In fact, it would rather appear, from his animated circular, that they are to be so very moral that a visit to the balls will be essential to unsuspected respectability.

Now here, with deference to Mrs. Grundy, is something delightful. Here is morality not only made easy, but respectable. The arrangements are to be precisely the same as in Paris and other Continental cities, and Mrs. Grundy knows how respectable the *bal masqué* is in those places.

She will observe, however, that trowsers for *demoiselles* are not stipulated in the case of Irving Place. In that matter they will doubtless consult each other and Mrs. Grundy. But as that lady has now expressed her opinion, the Lounger ventures to state boldly that none will be worn.

He would therefore, in fine, humbly and under correction, suggest to Mrs. and the Misses Grundy to take a box—or reserved seats in the balcony—"merely, of course, to look on." Under the kind care of Napoleon, who is so perfectly conversant with the elegant habits of European society, the scene will doubtless have quite a foreign air. The young gentlemen—who will circulate nervously in the crowd, with the most careless smiles upon their faces and their hats under their arms, fearful of being spoken to by the *bel' mascheri*, and totally unable to be brilliant in reply—will, however, have the satisfaction of knowing that the black silk will not be wasted. The young ladies who venture upon the floor behind their masks and dominos—as per bill of the play—will be arch and sarcastic, and, if they are as wise as the Lounger believes them to be, will extremely enjoy themselves.

But why does the Lounger write on? He knows, and the whole world knows, that if Mrs. Grundy chooses to say that the *bal masqué* is a very delightful amusement, really quite innocent, and altogether the thing, there is not a power in society which can make it unfashionable.

GUILLOTINED.

ON the morning of the 13th March Orsini was awakened at six o'clock, and at five minutes past seven his head fell into the fatal basket. He died calmly, exhorting his companion to patience: having written a letter of farewell nearly four years previously to his children; and having throughout behaved like a hero and not like a criminal.

Over his bloody grave one word ought to be said, and one thing remembered. Orsini is one of many thousands in Europe who believe that every man who is subject to a government ought to have a voice in the government; a doctrine not very strange to those who live in the country of Lexington and Bunker Hill. When, therefore, any one man, by murder and treason, seizes upon the government and disfranchises all the rest, they regard him as the common enemy of the state, and to be removed like any other murderer or bandit. Orsini, indeed, was not a Frenchman, but Louis Napoleon was helping to do in Italy what he does directly at home. In striking at him, therefore, Orsini considered that he was destroying a dangerous enemy of the race. He had no personal object to gain, and having failed in his blow, he has submitted patiently to the penalty.

The policy he adopted may be always an unwise policy. But no man who strikes at a tyrant can justly be execrated as a murderer. Charlotte Corday undoubtedly assassinated Marat; but the moral to be enforced upon the world from her scaffold is, not that even tyrants should not be murdered, but that rulers should beware of tyranny. Louis Napoleon sits to-day in the Tuileries, and Orsini lies buried in some Potter's Field. Lord Malmesbury writes about atrocious attempts at assassination, and even Walter Savage Landor says that he can not approve murder. Does Lord Malmesbury, then, think that only an attempt is atrocious, but that wholesale assassination is worthy of England's sympathy and alliance? Is Landor unable to approve Orsini's guilt, such as it was, and able to applaud Louis Napoleon's long career of crime?

Louis Napoleon is to-day an Emperor, and Orsini a beheaded parricide; but as you think of the contrast for the last time, ask yourself which of the two you sincerely believe to have been the greater criminal and the more dangerous to society?

W. C.

SHAKESPEARE'S Sonnets were entered upon the books of the Stationers' Company in London by Thomas Thorpe, with the famous dedication, "To the only begetter of these ensuing sonnets, Mr. W. H." In like manner the Lounger desires to dedicate this notice of his "Saloon" to Mr. W. C., the only begetter of an advertisement of shaving which suggests the more sesquipedalian style of Dr. Johnson. After a philosophical exordium upon the personal difference of barbers, W. C. proceeds:

"Gentleman, if you wish to frequent a hair-dressing saloon where order, neatness, and elegance are maintained—where the comfort and satisfaction of the *habitue* are made the cardinal duties of every acolyte—where you sink into gentle slumber upon the easiest of chairs, and blissful visions are begot by the keenest of razors and the mildest of perfumed soap—where gentle hands lull and soothe by their tender application, and the uncouth and grotesque are conjured into fashion and beauty during your momentary unconsciousness—then visit W. C. He has a reputation to maintain, and he will maintain it bravely."

The Lounger means to put all this fine promise to the proof, and if he finds that W. C. is "a true man" as well as a poet, he shall be further introduced to the public.

THE MORMONS.

IT is announced that a brother of the late Dr. Kane, whose father was a personal friend of the President's, has recently left upon a private mission to the Mormons. Mr. Kane has been among them before, and wrote an interesting account of his visit, in which he speaks of them more kindly than they are generally mentioned.

There seems to be no other way of ascertaining what the Mormons really feel and want, than to send some man whom they know and respect, alone into their city, to converse with them. Soldiers in a hostile camp, fearful of starving or freezing, led by officers who are naturally more anxious for the chance of brilliant exploits than of settling difficulties, are not very promising plenipotentiaries. Nobody appears to know the intention of the Mormons. Mr. Brigham Young makes a great many furious speeches—and his congregations say amen; but then they know the enemy is snowed up. They must know that if they declare war in good faith, they must either go into exile or be annihilated.

They can not appeal to any sympathy. There is no reason why they should not obey simple Territorial laws. As yet they have been subject to no other oppression than the decent neighbors of horse-thieves always inflict upon culprits; and that moral contempt on the part of the world which always attends criminal or repulsive public usages.

These things, and the consequent considerations, could be made so plain to them by an intelligent and friendly man, like Mr. Kane, that it is to be hoped he is charged with such a mission. As to routing them on account of their polygamy, it is impossible under our institutions. That polygamy may breed a public immorality among them which might come in conflict with the laws in many ways, is more than likely. But if civilization is not able to hold its own against barbarism, it is not what we have all taken it for.

MRS. ANSCHÜTZ PARTINGTON.

MRS. PARTINGTON tried to mop out the sea when the tide rose into her kitchen; and the admirable conductor of our Opera tried to stem an encore the other evening. The house thundered and clapped and stamped its desire to hear Mr. Formes repeat an aria in the *Messiah*. The conductor had no idea of yielding to such folly. Bang, bang went the house; bang, bang went Mr. Conductor Anschütz to begin the next movement. The house shouted, and cried *encore!* the valiant Anschütz kept his back turned, and waved his baton to the charge. Formes smiled—the chorus was perplexed; but the house was not perplexed, neither was the good Anschütz. The house grew obstinate, and the conductor wrathy.

"Who the dickens are you?" cried the House, in imagination, to Anschütz.

"You darned Yankee blockheads!" thundered Anschütz, in his heart, to the House.

"Bang! bang! We *will* have that tune again!"

"Bang! bang! I'll be whopped if you do!"

The contest waxed formidable; until, at length, turning his burning face to the house, the undismayed, but furious and disgusted, conductor cried out:

"It isn't artistic to encore in sacred music!"

Unhappy Anschütz! Did you dare to insinuate that the free and enlightened were guilty of an inartisticality? Then sing, O Muse! how dreadful was the rage of Demos, until some Talleyrand behind the scenes did what no statesman has yet been able to do with Lecomptonites and Anti-Lecomptonites—namely, settled the difficulty, by announcing that the wind of the trumpeter would not sustain him through the blast necessary for the accompaniment to Formes's song. It was wisely done—but the conductor's honor was touched by the compromise. He threw down his baton and retired—scornful, but unconquered. Yet even he was at length pacified and returned.

What a dreadful thought, that we are an unartistic public—that we call for more, when we ought to restrain our appetites! Perhaps, with Mr. Ullman telling us what masks are, and Mrs. Anschütz Partington vigorously mopping up our ignorance of artistic proprieties, we shall gradually get to be a presentable public.

FRY'S OPERA.

To write an opera; to compose the various parts, and score them for an orchestra, is, of itself, a wonderful feat; but to achieve the performance of the work by good singers, in a fitting house, before a proper audience, is a good fortune reserved for few composers. An author and a painter depend mainly upon themselves. The one writes a book, and, by paying for it—in the worst case—he can have it printed; the other paints a picture, and he can put it in his window for the world to see. But a musical composer reaches the public only through a crowd of other people, any one of whom may do him and his work an irremediable injury.

It was, therefore, with a real perception of the case that Mr. Fry, in his little speech after the production of his opera, on Monday evening, spoke of his gratitude to the artists. He, better than any body else, knew how much he owed them.

And we—the public, the great critical audience, that sat in dignified judgment upon the quality and claims of this first work of a generous, ardent, able musician—we owed them the great enjoyment arising from their sincere interest in the work, and the exquisite skill and care with which they executed it. Madame La Grange has never sung more satisfactorily than in the ornate and elaborate music of her *rôle* of *Leonora*. Her crisp staccato, her florid runs, her elegant phrasing, were never more pronounced or more pleasing. D'Angri, too, did her part with conscience and care. Gassier was admirable. Tiberini—but Tiberini is a tenor, and tenors are always lumpish as suet.

The opera itself is a purely Italian work. In character and treatment it is exclusively Italian. The instrumentation is learned and skillful. The music itself is too monotonous, and is rather melodic than melodious; that is to say, the airs have the movement and construction of melodies, but they do not seem to be distinctive tunes. People will not be heard whistling them, and hand-organs grinding them, and young Misses banging them upon pianos.

For all that, it is a much better work than most of the Italian operas, except those of the best masters. It tastes of the composer's studies, as all the earlier works of sincere students do. It is clear enough that he has a natural musical sympathy with Bellini, and the sentimental tenderness of that sweetest of the Italians breathes throughout *Leonora*. But there is more vigor and variety in management than Bellini shows; and it is undoubtedly the only original opera of any promising claims that has been produced in New York.

The audience received it most kindly. Of course there were the friends of the composer present. Where should a composer's friends be when he brings out an opera? The applause was pleasant to hear; and Mr. Fry leading out the company was pleasant to see. It was a good beginning; and no one there but hoped that, before long, we should all be summoned to hear another work of a musician whose talents and claims are no longer unrecognized even in his own country.

"WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?"

THE title of Bulwer's novel, which has now been so long in course of publication from advance-sheets in the *Weekly*, has undoubtedly often enough suggested itself to the reader in considering the work itself. But let every man who has or has not read the story read the first chapter of the part published to-day.

Bulwer is too skillful a literary artist to make a blunder. However readers may differ about his genius, they can never quarrel over his mastery of mere story-telling. His novels are not sketches, or impromptus, written from time to time; they are carefully planned and ably elaborated. He has a plot, and he knows what it is, and where it is going, and how it is coming out, and what part every character is to play in it. In the opening chapters of the present tale all the personages came on with the air of intelligent performers. The story-telling power was as evident, and the profound love and enjoyment of his work by the author himself was as clear, as in a novel of Fielding's.

The address to the reader in the present number is of peculiar interest. Bulwer anticipates the question already hinted, and answers the inquiry, What *he* has done with it? by informing us that this chapter is an intercalation, and that the whole MS. is in the hands of the publisher, having been completed on the 22d of January. He then proceeds to tell us what his principles of literary composition are: that the method of publication, whether serial or otherwise, can have nothing to do with the character of the work in the hands of a conscientious author; that it is not to be written number by number, as the voracious press may require, but must be well understood by the author from the beginning.

The reader will remember that, after the completion of "Little Dorrit," Dickens was violently assailed for having written in such a slip-slop, hit-and-miss style as to have taken the idea of the Catastrophe from the fall of an old building in London, which occurred during the progress of the work. But whoever attacks Dickens may be said, in the vulgate, to wake a Tartar. He wrote a reply to the article, in which he stated, after having surrounded the critic with all the blue-lights and rockets of his humorous sarcasm, that in fact, if the reader would notice, when he wrote the first chapter he described the house in question, and in such a way as to allow his intention of tumbling it down in the last chapter to be probable, if not suspected, from the beginning.

Bulwer also tells us that, being concluded, the work can not be supposed to refer to any of the present political changes in England with which he has been associated, and that, in truth, he should not allow himself to mingle practical politics and art under any circumstances.

However widely we may differ from his philosophy of literary art, and whatever opinion we may have of his literary power and position, nobody can question that Bulwer stands with Dickens and Thackeray as the third living English novelist in popular estimation. His audience is, doubtless, larger than that of Thackeray's, and, probably, not so large as Dickens's. For more than a quarter of a century he has been one of the most noted and prolific of authors; and the personal character of his address this week is not without a pathetic interest.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—IMPORTANT to the ladies is the following from a correspondent with an unpromising name:

"PAYS PERDU, *Mar.*.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—Having seen some intimations that you permit strangers sometimes to address you, allow me to send you a few remarks on a subject which has greatly exercised me, in common with very many others—I mean the monstrous expansion of the ladies' dresses. The fashion has reached the country, Sir, and is inflating our girls beyond endurance. They not only imitate, but exceed the most voluminous extravagances of Broadway, and where it will end no man knows. It seems the fashion has been epidemic at various periods; and I have been infinitely amused in reading some remarks in the *Spectator*, No. 127, on this abuse. There is something vastly *piquant* in the comparison which his correspondent makes, after doing full justice to the subject. He says: 'When I survey this new-fashioned Rotunda in all its parts, I can not but think of the old philosopher, who, after having entered into an Egyptian temple, and looked about for the idol of the place, at length discovered a little black monkey enshrined in the midst of it; upon which he could not forbear crying out (to the great scandal of the worshipers), "What a magnificent palace is here for such a ridiculous inhabitant!"'

"What are we to think, Sir, of the taste which so exaggerates that line of beauty for which some African belles are distinguished? It is not often that our ladies choose to copy such models. Suppose that they should take it into their heads to exaggerate, in the same proportion, another outline, which, '*on dit*,' is already indebted to cotton, in some cases, for its graceful outline, what a well-balanced figure they would make of themselves!

"I propose, Sir, to resuscitate a name for the dress which may help to bring it to a collapse, as it did once before. Some mischievous Frenchman christened it the 'Pet en l'air.' Fasten that on it, and pass it round, and we shall see what we shall see. This, by-the-way, is no doubt the origin of the name Farthingale, which our great-grandmothers gave to the same dress. Webster is perplexed to find an etymology, and suggests a plausible one—without, however, following it out. He gives the French *Vertugadin*, but does not tell us that that is a corruption of *Vertuguardien*; showing that the French hoops of those days were really 'pièces de resistance,' and not the flimsy, watch-spring concerns of these times. *Vertugadin* was again corrupted into *Vertugale*, which is not very far from Farthingale. But, Sir, I propose a much better derivation. Farthingale is a translation, no doubt also by a Frenchman, of 'Pet en l'air.' You know the 'H' is of no account in a Frenchman's pronunciation, and the matter seems to me very clear. But fix the label on the monstrosity, dear Lounger.

"The Italians called the thing 'Guard' infante,' which also shows that it was a substantial affair in those days. This, however, suggests ideas which our young ladies would by no means approve.

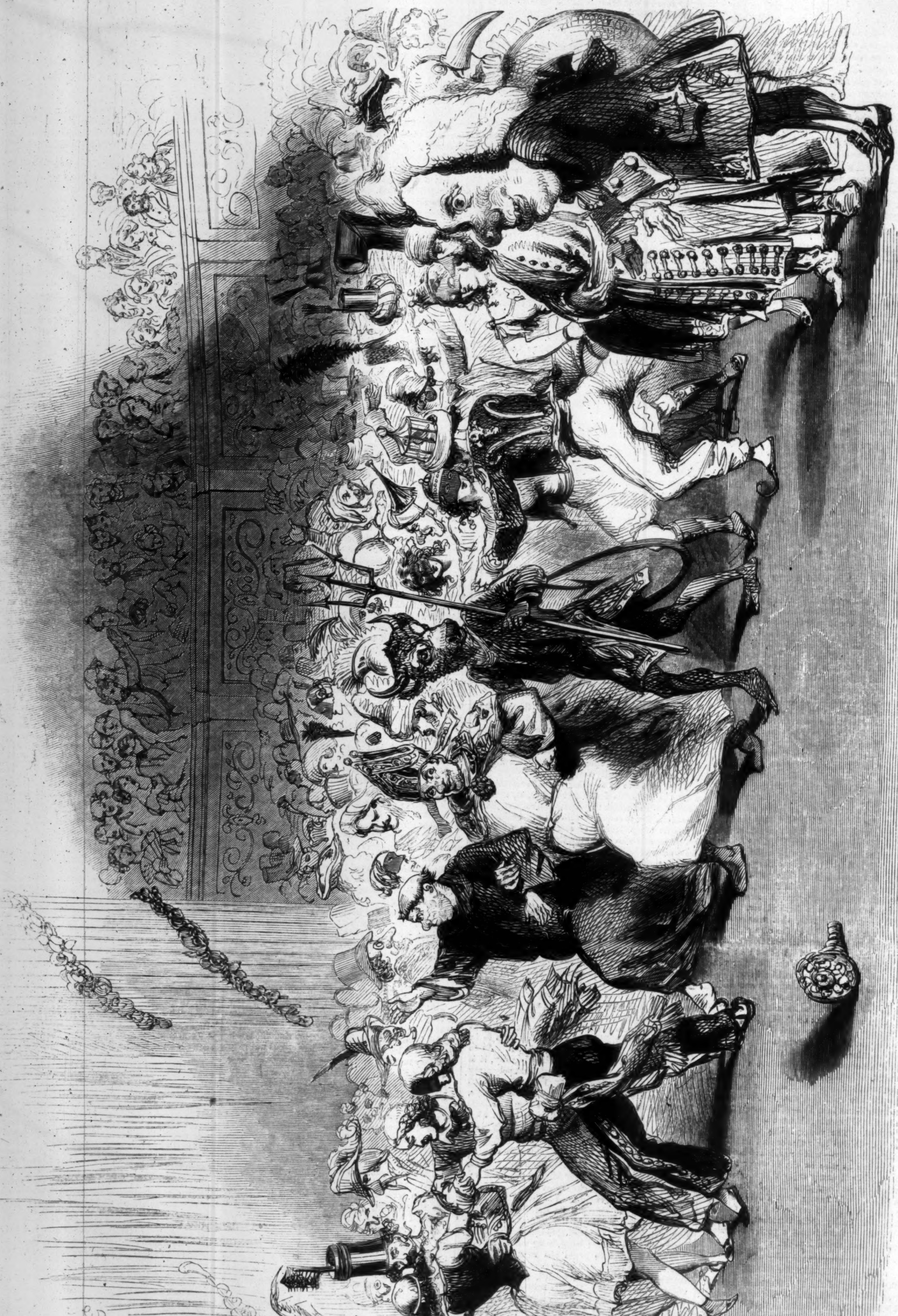
"Yours, very truly,
"OLD BACHELOR."

—A. SAVAGE, *Tobacco Worm*, must not expect to squirm with impunity over a BROADSKIRT. In reply to his fierce letter of a few weeks since, the Lounger has received a note from MISS MELINDA, of which he subjoins the most striking portions. *A Tobacco Worm* will see that MELINDA BROADSKIRT is an earnest and doughty antagonist:

"BROOKLYN, *March*, 1858.

"FRIEND LOUNGER, * * * * It appears strange to me that there can be found one creature, bearing the impress of our common Creator, who can be so devoid of all decency—whose sense of taste and smell has become so vitiated, and whose love of the weed will permit him to come out boldly and endeavor to justify his kind in the use of tobacco. * * * * It is my impression, however, that your correspondent belongs to that class of crusty old bachelors whose only happiness consists in looking upon himself as the very personification of a gentleman—who struts, with a huge ball of the 'delectable weed' between his 'dental attachments,' into the ladies' saloon, selects for himself the best and most comfortable seat, and, while persisting in retaining it, stares every respectable lady out of countenance who makes her appearance, and compelling her to wade through the 'virtues of Virginia's pride' profusely scattered from one end of the boat to the other. This 'indignant worm' asks if it 'is to be taken for a fixed fact that our nasal appendages are utterly invulnerable?' Most undoubtedly. How can they be otherwise, after having been suspended for so long a period in a traveling smoke-house, in which glowing fires of various kinds are freshly kindled, raising fumes of more than a *dozen* 'different-scented abominations' every hour in the day; so vitiating the sense of smell that his 'nasal appendage' might as well come in contact with a lump of asafœtida as with the delicate jessamine, for all the harm it would occasion. I will now leave this 'Savage Tobacco Worm' to enjoy his favorite weed, sincerely hoping that our style of dress may not entirely exclude him from his rightful share in some good church, where he may be led to see the error of his ways, repent of his sins, and be cleansed of his abominations.

"Truly yours,
"MELINDA BROADSKIRT."



A MASKED BALL AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC AT PARIS.

MUSARD AND THE PARIS MASKED BALLS.

Now that we have Monsieur Musard here in the flesh, and that there is a striking prospect of masked balls being given at the Academy of Music, the opportunity is favorable for a brief glance at the historic Musard, and at the theatre of his fame, the masked balls at the Academy of Music at Paris.

If Louis Napoleon were shot down to-morrow in the Boulevards, there might be a change in the upper-crust of the French Government. But if Musard were killed, all Paris—and especially all Bohemia—would fly to arms. For Musard is the darling of the Parisian people, from the Quartier Latin to the Quartier Breda; members of the Council of State pique themselves on knowing him, and the *lionnes*, from the tenant of a *premier* in the Rue d'Amsterdam to the co-occupant of a *grenier* in the Rue du Foin St. Jacques, pay him, on bended knee, a homage which words can but faintly depict. Once upon a time there was a rumor in Paris that a haughty Englishman had shot Mario in a duel; all Paris was on the alert, and it needed no common firmness on the part of Monsieur Guizot (these were the days of Orleans royalty) to avert an instant rupture between the allies; had the rumored mishap befallen Monsieur le Prince Musard, not even the Emperor could have withstood the cry for instant war upon *perfide Albion*.

Several fair correspondents demand of us a biography of Musard. It can not be written. He leads orchestras—that is all. There is nothing more to be said. It is probable that he had a father and mother. The chances are that, unlike Topsy, he *was* born, at some time, in some place or other. There is reason to believe that he underwent an apprenticeship, of some kind or other, to the calling which he now follows with such marked success. But, considering the doubt which envelops these matters, the world has gradually settled down to the opinion that he was born, like Minerva, armed with a bow in one hand and a fiddle in the other, and equipped, *cap-à-pied*, in French broadcloth, with a stupendous tie crossing his neck and sticking out on either side; that his first movement was a signal to the hautboys to burst forth, and his first cry an energetic "*Allons, Messieurs!*" to a full-bodied orchestra; and that, as he was full-grown and ripely experienced when he came into the world, so he has never grown any older since then. His portrait corroborates this latter view; let us be content with it.

Our colleague, the Bohemien, has drawn a graceful sketch of Musard at his concerts at the Hôtel de Osmond; to us he is more interesting at the Academie de Musique on a masked ball night.

Paris, as every body knows, abounds with masked balls during the brief season which intervenes between the commencement of the year and the first days of Lent. Masked balls are given at every one of the eighteen theatres of Paris, at several of the public ball-rooms, and at a number of private houses. It has been calculated that an experienced ball-goer might spend every night of January and February at a masked ball, without going twice to the same place. But the greatest of all the masked balls takes place at the Academy of Music on each Saturday evening.

It commences at midnight—that is to say, on Sunday morning. The reader must bear in mind that our Sabbath is a very different institution from the Sunday of Catholic countries; that in France, for instance, while the devoutly-inclined go to mass, and so forth, all classes concur in making Sunday a day of enjoyment and pleasure. It is the great day for theatres, balls, and all kinds of amusements. And the Parisians deem the first hours of the Sabbath fitly spent in revelry at the grand *bal masqué* at the Academy of Music.

The doors are usually opened at eleven P.M., as soon as the Saturday evening's performance has ended, and the theatre has been prepared for the ball by the removal of the seats, and so forth. The parquette and stage are thrown into one, and a beautifully smooth floor presented to the dancers. The *premières loges* (dress circle) are thrown open; but the boxes, as well in that tier as in the one above, are let that evening as on opera nights.

There is a legend that in times long gone by ladies in good society used to attend the masked balls at the Academy, and dance, and flirt, and intrigue with all manner of fashionable cavaliers in gay costume. We imagine this was before the deluge, or, at all events, before the conquest of Gaul by Julius Cæsar. Within the memory of the oldest sane inhabitant of Paris, no ladies—save an occasional hair-brained girl, or a very dashing and reckless married woman—have figured at the masked balls of the Academy otherwise than as spectators. The scene is very brilliant and striking, and persons in good society frequently wish to see it. When this happens, they take a box; the ladies equip themselves in black dominoes, and are conducted by their friends to their box, whence in safe obscurity they overlook the revelry of the evening. Even this participation in the masked balls at the opera is becoming obsolete, in consequence of the peril which awaits every modest-looking woman on entering that scene of revelry. Speech is free at masked balls in Paris. You may whisper what you like into any lady's ear. You may pinch her arm as she passes. You may jostle her. Ruffians avail themselves of all these licenses, and ladies who have once gone through the ordeal of making their way from the door to a box seldom feel inclined to renew the attempt.

Nor could it be otherwise. The joint and secret of a public masked ball is perfect license. Not one out of a hundred persons assembled knows his neighbor. If these persons are to enjoy themselves, they must dispense with the formality of introductions, and treat every one—male and female—as if they were old acquaintances. More than this, the mask, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. Though men, at the Academy balls, are not permitted to wear a mask throughout the evening, the reverse is the rule with regard to ladies; they are not allowed to unmask. *Sergens de ville* patrol the room during the evening, and expel every masked male and every unmasked female they find. Now the mask is a perfect wall, from behind which any liberties may be taken. Under cover of a mask, ladies will say things which they would rather die than utter with unvailed countenance. The widest experience of masked balls at Paris decides that the gravest inconvenience of those gatherings arises from the license of the ladies. The men—gentle and polished as the bulk of Frenchmen are—can easily be managed. But no police force that has ever been organized has been enabled to control the exuberant spirits of the female maskers.

Beginning at midnight, the masked ball at the Academy lasts till five or six A.M. Between two and three the respectable visitors begin to thin out. At four there are but few boxes tenanted. This is the time of the *grand rond*, when Prince Musard loses his senses in the excitement, and two thousand dancers tear round the dancing hall in a frantic ecstasy, realizing the name which has been given to the *pas*, the "Horses Galop." Woe to the luckless wight who trips in that fearful "galop!" Before he knows that he is down, a dozen couples have passed over him, and hundreds more will trample him as they rush furiously on. If he has had the good luck to fall near a body of policemen, they will charge and rescue him by sheer force—signaling the orchestra to stop. But if, as is usual, there are no guardian angels within reach, he must take his chance, happy if he merely escapes with a few bruises, or even an occasional broken bone, where some have been trampled to death.

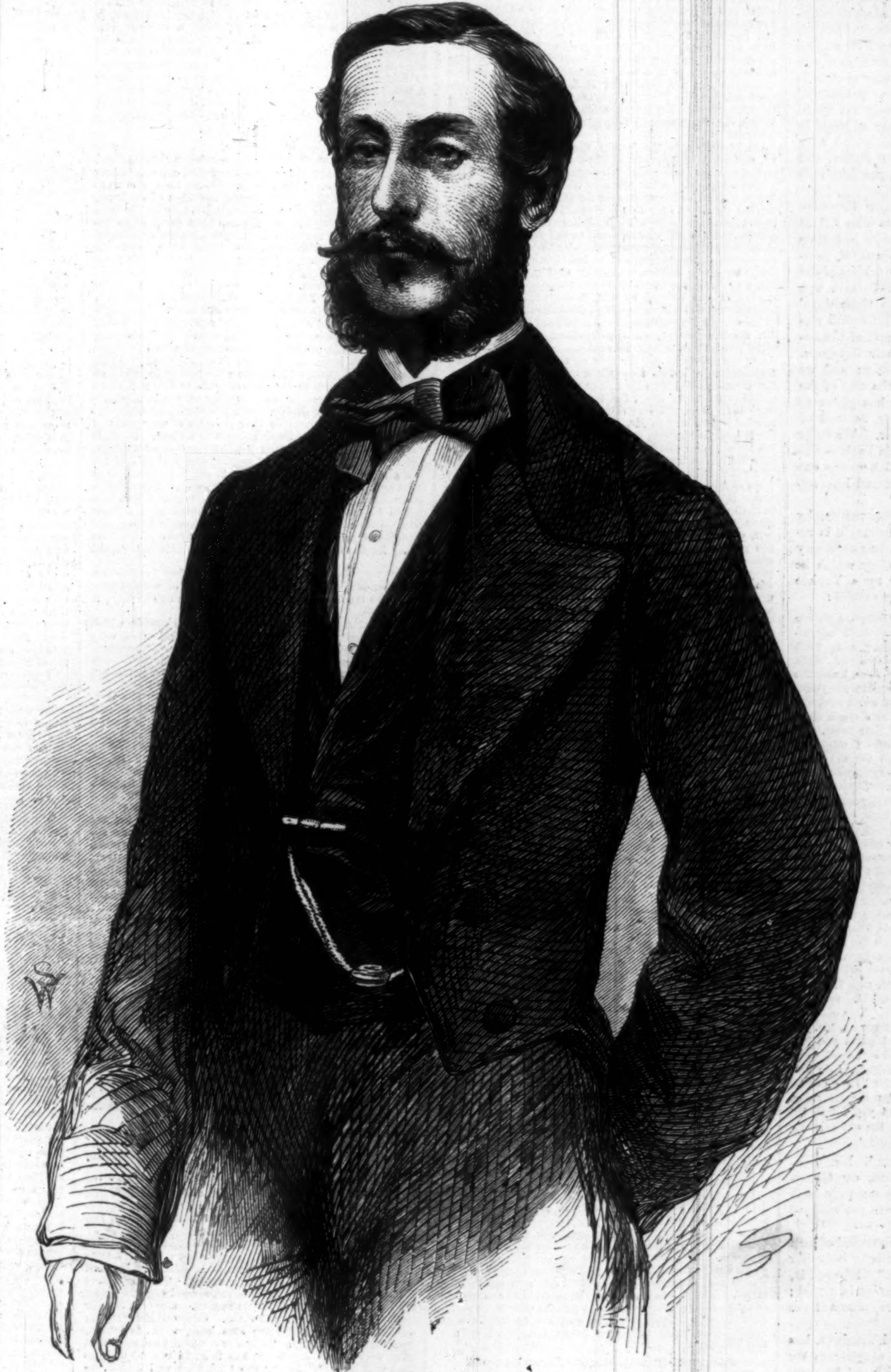
Refreshments are *en règle* at the masked balls at Paris. It is considered proper to invite your partner to partake of a bottle of Champagne at an adjoining restaurant. Persons have been known to make as many sorties from the ball with a view to being refreshed in this manner, as Colonel Inglis's gallant garrison did at Lucknow. The consequence may be imagined. Between six and seven, squads of policemen enter the ball with stretchers and vehicles resembling wheel-barrows. They gather together the killed and wounded, as the porter is said to do at the door of a Virginia editor's sanctum. Those who, after copious applications of cold water and stick, are able to walk, on reaching the fresh air are mercifully released; the balance are generously provided with lodgings, at the expense of the state, in the nearest *corps de garde*.

The sober survivors of the ball usually sup between five and seven in the morning. At such suppers scenes are enacted which recall the most scandalous episodes of the Regency. For the first time since midnight the ladies unmask themselves. Strangers who have fallen half in love with exquisite creatures in tights and Greek costume, or in the freshest *debardeur* attire, then discover that their charmer is a sober female of forty, who has a propensity for turkey and oysters, and vainly endeavor to drown their disappointment in adulterated Champagne. Those who have been more fortunate—who have spent the evening in the company of friends, or who have made conquests—are led by their joy and satisfaction to the same fountain; and by eight in the morning all—men and women—are in a fit condition for bed and soda-water.

To the unsophisticated observer—the man of plain common sense and virtuous habits—the most melancholy spectacle in the world, next to a masked ball at the opera, is the funeral of a dear friend. He enters the ball soberly, in due black, with irreproachable gloves. He knows nobody; if he meets an acquaintance, the latter is too busy to attend to him. No one speaks to him but suspiciously neglected dames, and hungry little monsters who beg for bonbons and Champagne at the commencement of the acquaintance. Every body jostles him. The gayer the surroundings are, the more people laugh in his neighborhood, the more serious he grows; the dashing maskers who hurry past him enliven his dullness by pleasant inquiries as to whether he personates a grave-digger, or whether he is aware that his wife and sister are jolly enough yonder among the dancers?

The famous museum which the great Dupuytren bequeathed to his country has long been held to be the most powerful argument against immorality which was ever adduced. Those who have tried a masked ball from beginning to end, who have gone there alone, and resolutely endeavored to enjoy themselves, will certify that it is quite as efficacious a remedy against dissipation.

Monsieur Musard, we see, intends to inaugurate the era of masked balls in this country. He is to give one or more at the Academy of Music. One of two things; either they will be as dull as many of our great parties in Fifth Avenue, or they will be as licentious and mischievous as the masked balls at Paris. There is some prospect that the latter alternative will be the true one. We have in New York a set of demoralized men and women, stretching from the pickpocket order up to the coarse bully who deals in groceries or dry goods, and from the nameless outcast to the loose dweller in an idle boarding-house: these persons will find a congenial sphere in masked balls. But they will not keep up a warm excitement, as the Parisians do, for several hours on a stretch, without drunkenness, violence, such coarse and brutal language as the lowest Parisian never uses, and all manner of savage developments. And the chances are, if we have a masked ball here, that it will be a scene of such immorality and profanity, and disgrace of all kinds, as even this vicious city has never known before.



MONSIEUR MUSARD.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

LITERARY.

WE have seldom met with a book of its class which embodied so many excellences as THE HAPPY HOME, by Kirwan, published by Harper & Brothers. The name of the distinguished author is always a guarantee for a bold, unflinching, faithful delivery of the truth; and in this little book he has added to these qualities the experiences of a careful parent, and the affectionate gentleness of one who knows what it is to love and be loved at home.

The volume is a manual of home duty. Its instructions and advice are such as all parents will thank him for, and all children who read will appreciate and approve. There is something irresistible in the style of Kirwan. He deals with sledge-hammers, and his blows tell, yet they fall as noiselessly as snow-flakes. He ridicules or he praises, overthrows an opinion or builds up a theory, and all is done briefly, sententiously, and satisfactorily. Not the least merit of his writings, and of this book in particular, is their brevity. In this small volume of two hundred pages is contained the whole pith of some twenty books on the same subject, by as many lady and gentlemen authors who have from time to time written on family and home duties and pleasures. This is emphatically the book for parents, and will find its way into thousands of houses to make them happy homes.

Not long since the congregation of the Pitts Street Chapel, in Boston, invited six clergymen, of as many denominations, to preach in succession in their chapel, each one giving the reason for the faith that was in him. As a result they had six sermons, answering, severally, such questions as "Why am I a Universalist?" "Why am I a Trinitarian Congregationalist?" "Why am I a Methodist?" etc. These sermons are now collected and published by John P. Jewett & Co., in Boston, in a handsome volume. It would have been in better taste if the congregation, or committee, or whoever superintended the publication, had omitted the preface, which appears to be a somewhat lame eulogy of the Pitts Street Chapel congregation. We find ourselves somewhat puzzled, after reading it, to know what the people there do believe on religious subjects. But that aside, the volume is interesting and curious, as presenting the views of the several denominations side by side, as held and taught by some of their most eloquent and distinguished men. Very many persons are desirous of possessing a compendium of denominational views—some book which will tell them what different churches hold and why they hold it. This seems to be such a book.

Carter & Brothers publish with remarkable quickness of succession book after book of sound orthodox character, and they select, also, with excellent judgment, works whose intrinsic interest, and literary merit also, makes them valuable. Their last issue is Ministering Children, a story of English life, in which the way that children may do good in the world, and be "ministers" of kindness and mercy, is exquisitely set forth. This story has passed through thirty editions in England. The present is finely illustrated with twenty cuts, from designs by Birket Foster, and others, and makes altogether one of the best children's books of the day.

Carters also publish a Memoir of Captain Hammond, one of those gallant men who fell at the storming of the Redan. We have had time only to read the accounts of the preparation, mental and bodily, for that assault—the taking of the Sacrament by some who thought that death was probably before them—and then the three days' battle, at the end of which Captain Hammond was seen at the head of his men in the heart of the enemy's works, where he fell under their bayonets. This is well told, with skillful touches; and we judge favorably of the character of the rest of the book from this. The Crimean war has given us some admirable biographical subjects, as well of religious as of other general character. We recur at this moment again to an admirable book—English Hearts and Hands—which every one should read. It is a most excellent and interesting little volume.

A volume of Transatlantic Sketches, by Professor Kelland, published in Edinburgh, is remarkable for the small amount of matter necessary to make a book out of. Here is a story which he heard related on board the steamer by a Yankee who is somewhat celebrated for large stories:

"I remember one Silas Gray, a queer fellow, a citizen of the world, who, when he heard a traveler's tale, always chimed in with one more extraordinary still. Such as this: Did you ever go to the Rocky Mountains? Well, I wonder at that. You may be sure you don't know the world. My ancestors came from there, and in my younger days we used often to talk about an old uncle that was living there about a century ago. He was a crack shot, and when he came down to see grandfather brought a particular long gun with him. I thought I might as well go and see what they had done with the old man. Well, do you know, that district is so remarkably healthy, high up in the air, that people never die. They get old and shriveled, and lose their faculties pretty much, and then the neighbors tie them up in a sack, and ticket them, and hang them up in the church. So when I got to the place I went to the church, and asked the man that had charge if he knew what had become of my old uncle. The man said he didn't know, but if I would come along with him we'd see. So we went round and examined the sacks, a precious lot of them. Sure enough there was my uncle's name on one. So the man asked me if I wished to speak to him. I told him I wanted particularly to do it. Well, he took down the sack, and inside there was my uncle as dry as a mummy. He put him into warm water, and after a while the old man began to open his eyes and sneeze. At last, says I, 'Well, uncle, can you speak?' and he said he could. So I began to chat with him about our relations. The old man presently tired, and began to yawn. Says he, 'If you have any thing particular to ask about I guess you had better make haste, as I am getting tired and want to be hung up again.' 'Well, then, uncle,' says I, 'I do just want to know what became of a particular long gun you used to have.' 'Look,' says he, 'under the thatch at the northwest corner of the house, and you'll find it.' 'Thankee, uncle,' says I; and we tied the old man up again."

A new poet has appeared in England. Mr. William Morris publishes The Defense of Guenevre, and other poems, which possess very high and refined merit. Some of them are not without obscurity, but others are exceedingly beautiful.

The new Cabinet in England is composed of men not unknown to literature. Lord Derby is author of "Conversations on the Parables." Disraeli is, of course, well known. Lord Manners is a poet; and several other members of the Government have published works.

A bookseller in London, Edward Truelove, has been committed by a Bow Street magistrate for publishing a pamphlet on Tyrranicide. The pamphlet is understood to be a defense of the propriety of disposing of tyrants by any means—a doctrine which, however wrong and unrighteous it may be, certainly ought not to disturb the Government of England. America seems to be the only country of free political discussion.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, 29th March, in the Senate, Senator Fitzpatrick announced that the Vice-President had been obliged to leave for the South. A president *pro tem.* was voted for, and the following was the result: Fitzpatrick, 28; Fessenden, 12; Hamlin, 1. Senator Fitzpatrick was accordingly conducted to the chair by Messrs. Slidell and Dixon. The Minnesota Bill being taken up, after remarks by Senators Hunter, Pugh, Fitch, Collamer, Simmons, Trumbull, Polk, and Brown, Mr. Mason's amendment to allow Minnesota only one representative in Congress was lost by 41 to 8; and Senator Wilson's amendment to allow one representative now, to order a new census forthwith, and to base the representation thereon hereafter, was carried by 22 to 21.——The House having gone into Committee on the Deficiency Appropriation Bill, speeches on the Kansas question were made by Messrs. Hill, Wade, Ready, Gooch, Taylor, Olin, Bennett, and Wilson.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, various unimportant memorials and reports were presented; among others, a resolution from Senator Hunter, which was adopted, directing the Military Committee to inquire into the expediency of establishing a national foundery at Alexandria, Virginia. Senator Johnson introduced a bill to introduce economy into the printing department of Congress.——The House having taken up the Printing Deficiency Bill, speeches on Kansas were made by Messrs. Sandidge, Walbridge, Leidy, Davis, Clay, Campbell, Harlan, Underwood, and Hoard.

On Wednesday, in the Senate, Senator Douglas presented the Constitution of Oregon; also petitions from the Territory of Dacotah, praying for a Territorial organization. Some unimportant reports and petitions were presented. The Minnesota Bill having been taken up, speeches thereon were made by Messrs. Polk, Iverson, Fitch, Doolittle, Bright, Mason, Green, and Pugh; and the following amendments were put and voted upon: Mr. Doolittle's, to allow Minnesota two representatives, lost by 20 to 33; Mr. Fitch's, to allow three representatives, lost by 14 to 36; another, by the same Senator, to allow two representatives this session, and three when her census shows sufficient population, lost by 19 to 27; Mr. Iverson's, to allow two till the next census, lost by 23 to 26. On motion of Mr. Benjamin, this last vote was reconsidered, and Mr. Iverson's amendment was finally adopted by 29 to 21.——The House having gone into Committee on the Deficiency Bill, speeches on Kansas were delivered by Messrs. Stevenson, Gilmer, Mills, Burlingame, Parrott, Zollicoffer, Niblack, Groesbeck, Trippe, Morse, Hatch, Marshall, Hughes, Tappan, Letcher, and Walton.

On Thursday, in the Senate, the Army Bill was taken up, and Senator Hunter moved that in lieu of four regiments, the bill should read two regiments exclusive of the Texas regiment. After remarks from Senators Iverson, Pugh, Cameron, Houston, and Douglas, the motion was carried by 28 to 14. Further conversation ensued between Senators Iverson, Pugh, Johnson, Crittenden, and others, and the bill was reported to the Senate, the verbal amendments being concurred in by 25 to 16. Further discussion of the principle of the bill then ensued between Senators Hale, Wilson, Cameron, and Brown, and the bill, as amended, passed by 41 to 13.——In the House, a resolution was offered by Mr. Maynard, directing the Committee on the District of Columbia to inquire whether life and property are properly protected in the District. Mr. Haskin insisted on the expulsion of a newspaper correspondent who had, he said, maligned him. This being the day fixed for the vote on the Kansas Bill, Mr. Stephens moved that it be taken up. It was read once. Mr. Giddings having objected to the second reading the question was put: Shall the bill be rejected? Yeas 95, nays 137. The bill was then read a second time. Mr. Stephens gave way to Mr. Montgomery, who offered the Crittenden substitute, as amended by the Anti-Lecompton Democratic Conference, proposing to admit Kansas into the Union, and to refer the Lecompton Constitution to a vote of the people; in the event of its rejection by them, a Convention to be called to form a new Constitution. It also allows one member of the House of Representatives until the next Federal census. Mr. Quitman also offered a substitute, which is the same as the Senate bill, with the omission of the declaratory clause "that the people shall have the right at all times to alter or amend the Constitution in such manner as they think proper," etc. Mr. Humphrey Marshall wished to amend the Senate bill, but Mr. Stephens refused to yield the floor, and demanded the previous question. The vote was then taken on Mr. Quitman's amendment, which was lost by 72 to 160. Mr. Montgomery's substitute was then put and carried by 120 to 112.

The following list gives the vote in detail:

YEAS—Messrs. Abbott, Adrain, Andrews, Arnold, Bennett, Billinghurst, Bingham, Blair, Bliss, Brayton, Buffinton, Burlingame, Burroughs, Campbell, Case, Chaffee, Chapman, Clark (Conn.), Clark (N. Y.), Clawson, Clark B. Cochrane, Cockerill, Colfax, Comins, Covode, Cox, Cragin, Curtis, Damrell, Davis, (Md.), Davis (Ind.), Davis (Mass.), Davis (Iowa), Dawes, Dean, Dick, Dodd, Durfee, Eddy, English, Farnsworth, Fenton, Foley, Foster, Giddings, Gilman, Gilmer, Gooch, Goodwin, Granger, Groesbeck, Grow, Hall (Ohio), Hall (Mass.), Harlan, Harris (Md.), Harris Ill.), Haskin, Hickman, Hoard, Horton, Howard, Owen Jones, Kellogg, Kelsey, Kilgore, Knapp, Kunkel (Pa.), Lawrence, Leach, Leiter, Lovejoy, M'Kibben, Marshall (Ky.), Marshall (Ill.), Matteson, Montgomery, Morgan, Morrill, Morris (Pa.), Morris (Ill.), Morse (Ma.), Morse (N. Y.), Mott, Murray, Nichols, Olin, Palmer, Parker, Pendleton, Pettit, Pike, Potter, Pottle, Purviance, Ricaud, Ritchie, Robbins, Roberts, Royce, Shaw (Ill.), Sherman (Ohio), Sherman (N. Y.), Smith (Ill.), Spinner, Stanton, Stewart (Penn.), Tappan, Thayer, Thompson, Tompkins, Underwood, Wade, Walbridge, Waldron, Walton, Washburne (Wis.), Washburne (Me.), Washburne (Ill.), Wilson, Wood—120.

NAYS—Messrs. Ahl, Anderson, Arnold, Atkins, Avery, Barksdale, Bishop, Bocock, Bonham, Bowie, Boyce, Branch, Bryan, Burnett, Burns, Caskie, Clark (Mo.), Clay, Clemens, Clingman, Cobb, John Cochrane, Craig (Mo.), Craige (N. C.), Crawford, Curry, Davidson, Davis (Miss.), Dewart, Dimmick, Dowdell, Edmundson, Elliott, Eustis, Faulkner, Florence, Furnett, Gartrell, Gillis, Goode, Greenwood, Gregg, Hatch, Hawkins, Hill, Hopkins, Houston, Hughes, Huyler, Jackson, Jenkins, Jewett, Jones (Tenn.), J. Glancy Jones, Keitt, Kelly, Kunkel (Md.), Lamar, Landy, Leidy, Letcher, Maclay, M'Queen, Mason, Maynard, Miles, Miller, Millson, Moore, Niblack, Peyton, Phelps, Phillips, Powell, Quitman, Ready, Reagan, Reilly, Ruffin, Russell, Sandidge, Savage, Scales, Scott, Searing, Shaw (N. C.), Shorter, Sickles, Singleton, Smith (Tenn.), Smith (Va.), Stallworth, Stephens, Stevenson, Stewart (Md.), Talbot, Taylor (N. Y.), Taylor (La.), Trippe, Ward, Warren, Watkins, White, Whiteley, Winslow, Woodson, Wortendyke, Wright (Ga.), Wright (Tenn.), Zollicoffer—112.

Applause being heard in the galleries, Mr. Keitt moved that they be cleared. The bill as amended was then passed by 120 to 112.

On Friday, April 2, the Kansas Bill, with the House amendments, was taken up, and Senator Green moved to disagree. Speeches were made by Senators Bigler and Pugh against, and by Senator Douglass in favor of, the House amendments; after which the vote on Senator Green's motion was taken and the motion was carried by 32 to 23.——The House having gone into committee on the Deficiency Appropriation Bill, speeches on the Utah rebellion were made by Messrs. Jones, Lovejoy, Faulkner, and Phelps.

FAILURE OF THE DEMOCRATIC CAUCUS.

The caucus of Lecomptonites and Anti-Lecomptonites met in the Representatives Hall on 29th March. Mr. English moved "that the admission of Kansas is upon the fundamental condition that the people now have, and may at all times exercise, the right of altering, amending, or changing their Constitution at pleasure." This was voted down by the Administration Democrats, and the caucus adjourned *sine die*, having effected nothing toward a compromise.

LATEST NEWS FROM UTAH.

We have news from the army of Utah to the 16th of February. The health of the officers and men was excellent, and they were unremittingly engaged in preparations for a forward march, which it was expected would take place about the 20th of May. It was supposed that Captain Marcy, with his mules and escort from New Mexico, and Russell and Major, with an ox train of 115 wagons, would soon reach Fort Bridger. The grass on the plains was as far advanced as in May of last season. Several hundred recruits had arrived at Fort Leavenworth, and preparations for the early starting of reinforcements continued unabated. Some had already gone on—Colonel Hoffman's command of four companies and two hundred mule trains having been met two hundred miles west of Fort Leavenworth.

The only apprehensions of Colonel Johnston relate to his supplies, which will not last longer than the first of May. An attempt was being made at Fort Laramie, where there is a supply for four months for three thousand men, to send on a train to Fort Scott as early as possible. Colonel Johnson does not propose to enter Salt Lake City, *via* Echo Canon, but will make a detour to the north. The opinion is entertained that the Mormons will adopt a guerrilla mode of warfare, and that it will take a couple of years to subdue them. One great difficulty relating to the occupation of Salt Lake City by our troops lies in the fact that all army supplies must come from the States.

COMMISSIONERS FOR UTAH.

It is understood that the President will appoint Commissioners to proceed to Utah to endeavor to induce the Mormons to yield obedience to the laws, in order to avoid, if possible, the shedding of blood. The Commissioners will represent the determination and force of the Government to reduce them to subjection, and will endeavor to impress upon them the uselessness of opposition. It is said that Governor Powell, of Kentucky, and Major Ben M'Culloch, will be the Commissioners.

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT OF WASHINGTON.

In view of the nightly scenes of ruffianly violence in Washington, the Chairman of the Committee on the District of Columbia of the Senate, Mr. Brown, is preparing a bill to establish an efficient police for Washington, which he will bring before the Senate immediately. The features of the bill have been agreed upon, unanimously, by the committee. The police will be called the "Auxiliary Guard," and will consist of one hundred men, in uniform, with a commissioner-in-chief, a captain, and four lieutenants. The captain and lieutenants will be mounted. The cost will be about one hundred thousand dollars a year. The President will be empowered to add to this force one hundred or more on any emergency. A small portion of the appropriation proposed will be a secret service fund, for the employment of detectives, if necessary. The whole will be under the Interior Department.

PERSONAL.

A correspondent of the *Times* writes: "Colonel Benton is about closing his long and eventful career. He is almost the last of the old veterans—the men who were in the height of their glory during the days of Jackson, and who then made the whole country ring with the echo of their contending blows. He has been confined to his room for the last few weeks. In the pleasant weather of February he was often to be seen riding slowly, upon his splendid black horse, along the Avenue, keeping near enough to the sidewalk to enable him to recognize and return the courteous salutations of the many friends he was sure to meet. But he soon became too feeble for this, and was scarcely ever out of his chamber. Now he is confined to his bed almost entirely, suffering a great deal of pain, but bearing it with characteristic fortitude, and, in spite of it all, working incessantly at what he styles his *magnum opus*, the abridgment of the Congressional Debates. He has completed the work nearly to 1850, and says he only hopes to live long enough to bring it down to the present time. His familiarity with the more recent discussions of Congress renders the labor comparatively easy, and three or four months of comparative health would enable him to bring it to a close. But it is very doubtful whether this will be vouchsafed to him. He suffers from an internal cancer, and it may end his life almost at any moment. He is cheerful, resolute as ever, and especially glad to see his friends. His indomitable courage is conspicuous in the incessant vigor with which he continues to work. His review of the Dred Scott decision was written under intense suffering, and in spite of pain he persisted in having every proof-sheet ready for the mail by which his publishers would expect it."

It is rumored that Allsop, the English fugitive, has arrived at Washington, with the purpose of ascertaining what the views of government are on his extradition, if demanded.

Among the passengers by the steamer *Columbia*, which sailed on Saturday for Charleston, South Carolina, were the Hon. Edward Everett, Hon. Edward West, Surrogate, and Hon. Florence M'Carthy, Judge of the Marine Court. The two latter gentlemen have gone on a short trip South for the benefit of their health.

Juarez, who is contending with Zuloago for the government of Mexico, has sent a Minister to the United States. He arrived in the Tennessee, and it is understood is on the way to Washington. The Zuloago government has been recognized by our Minister in Mexico, and therefore the embassador of Juarez can not be recognized here under the present condition of affairs.

Lieutenant Beale, of the Camel Wagon-road Expedition, arrived at Washington last week, and reported himself at the War Department. The success of the Camel experiment has inclined the Administration to further use of them, and Congress will be asked to make an application of $25,000 to purchase additional supplies. Partial arrangements are already made, and a contract agreed on by the Secretary of War. It is also determined to appoint a Commissioner to go to Africa and make a treaty by which permanent supplies can be procured from that country instead of Arabia.

Ex-Governor John S. Peters, of Connecticut, died at Hebron on 20th ult. He was a member of the Assembly, as Senator or Representative, for several years, and Lieutenant-Governor from 1827 to 1831, when he succeeded Gideon Tomlinson as Governor, holding the office two years. In 1833 he was defeated by Henry W. Edwards; and he has not since appeared in political life except as a Presidential elector. He was a pleasant, gentlemanly man of the old school, of fair abilities, and of considerable reputation as a physician. He must have been over eighty at the time of his death. The funeral took place Friday noon.

Hon. David S. Reid, of the United States Senate, who has been detained in Richmond for two or three months by sickness, has left for his home in North Carolina. His health is improving, and he hopes to resume his duties in Congress shortly.

Hon. Charles Sumner left the Brevoort House on Friday morning for Washington.

His Excellency Count Sartiges, the French Minister, arrived at the same house on Thursday evening.

A New Orleans correspondent of the *Herald* says: "I called on ex-President Comonfort to-day. He has leased for several months the fine mansion known as the Lesepps House, near the United States Barracks, some two miles below the city. There, surrounded by groves of orange-trees and magnolias, he is leading a life of quiet retirement. He spoke with regret, but without bitterness, of recent and present events in Mexico. He will probably not visit the North at present. The filibusters are here and in this vicinity in force, awaiting the grand trial which is to come off next month. General Walker went to Mobile a few days since. General Henningsen and Captain Fayssoux are also here, with Anderson, Lockridge, and others. They are confident not only that they will not be convicted, but that, in the revelations that will be made during the trial, they will knock the Administration 'higher nor a kite,' if a *nolle prosequi* is not entered, which, it is said, they fear will be done. After they have finished the Administration, I am informed they look to ulterior operations on the Rio Grande. The steamer *Fashion* having been bought in under the Sheriff's sale for $200, is now on the floating dock at Mobile, where she looks as bright as a new pin."

Among the arrivals by the *St. Louis* at Aspinwall, from New York, says the Panama *Star* of March 20, was Thomas Francis Meagher, the distinguished Irish journalist and orator, on his way to Costa Rica, for the purpose of collecting materials for a work and a series of lectures illustrative of the resources, the social and political condition, the institutions and commerce of that little state. Mr. Meagher is accompanied by Señor Ramon Paez, the eldest son of the celebrated and venerable General Paez, of Venezuela, who will not only be his companion on this trip, but his co-assistant in his proposed literary and scientific labors. Señor Paez is highly accomplished as a linguist, botanist, geologist, and naturalist, and has won considerable reputation as a draughtsman and painter. These gentlemen bring with them a splendid photographic apparatus, and letters of recommendation from Señor Molina, the Costa Rican Minister at Washington; Señor Yrizarri, the Guatemalan and Nicaraguan Minister; Royal Phelps, the consul-general for Costa Rica in New York; and from other influential citizens.

It is reported that since his arrival in this country, on a certain occasion, a lady was admiring an elegant Cashmere shawl worn by the Turkish Admiral. He gallantly took it off his shoulders, and laid it upon her own to witness its effect, or perhaps momentarily to gratify her vanity. The shawl was a magnificent one, costing $4000 or $5000. Imagine the surprise of the Admiral, when she blushingly courtesied to him, and moved gracefully off with the coveted shawl as—*a present!*

The Rev. Dr. Monod is returning North from his Southern tour. He has had a series of pleasant receptions.

Governor King has nominated General Duryea, of Brooklyn, as Major-General, vice Aaron Ward, resigned.

Charles H. Brown, of the Atlas Bank, Boston, died April 2, after a short illness.

T. B. Cumming, Secretary and Acting Governor of Nebraska, died on the 23d ult.

Rev. Mr. Kalloch has arrived in Kansas, and entered in a law partnership with John L. Pendery, formerly of Cincinnati.

On Friday evening a small box or case was left on the door-steps of the residence of a prominent city official in Boston, and upon the contents being examined, a note was first discovered bearing the following lines:

> "Oh, take me in, and use me well,
> For in this house my father dwells!"

Further investigation revealed a brazen image of an infant, or something very much resembling such an article.

Since the enterprise of C. E. Todd & Co., in Broome Street, was broken up, over 6000 letters, addressed to the proprietors, have been taken from the Post-office. These letters contained over $8000. The money has all been sent back to the writers, with the following note from the Mayor:

"Inclosed you will find the sum remitted by you to C. E. Todd & Co., who have been arrested in this city. Be on your guard against all gift enterprises, lotteries, and all other bogus schemes, as they are intended to defraud only the unwary. Daniel F. Tiemann, *Mayor*."

Captain Leonhart, who has figured in the disturbances in Kansas, was shot on Thursday night, 18th instant, at Geary City, by the clerk of a grocery store, who revenged himself for a blow inflicted by Leonhart.

Thackeray is said to have joined the editorial staff of the London *Times*.

THE TURK'S GREAT HUNTING EXPEDITION.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "The announcement of a party having been formed to accompany Rear-Admiral Mohammed Pacha and suite for an excursion to Minnesota, this summer, has created quite a sensation among the foreign *attachés* and other pleasure-hunters in Washington. Besides Vice-President Breckinridge, Senators Fitch and Rice, Becker and Cavanagh, Representatives from Minnesota, Governor Medary, Dr. Coleman, Representative elect from Dacotah, there will be a large party from Washington, and among them many of the Foreign Legation. The beautiful lakes and prairies of Minnesota, abounding with fish, game, and the buffalo, will afford such novelty and excitement to the distinguished Turk, other foreigners, and the whole party as can not be found in any other part of the world. It is proposed to start in July, and to go to Breckinridge, near the dividing line between Minnesota and Dacotah, at the head of the navigation of the Red River of the North, and at the junction of the Bois des Sioux, or Sioux Wood River, with the Red River, or Otter Tail River. This will be the head-quarters of the party. Only imagine Mohammed Pacha and suite, and these scented gentlemen of the Foreign Legations, on a buffalo hunt on our magnificent prairies of the far West! What a chance for their health, after the dissipation of Washington society and city life! and then twelve or fifteen hundred miles of railroad continuously to travel, through great cities and highly cultivated States, with all the magnificent scenery of mountains, lakes, great rivers, which for thousands of miles bear produce to the ocean, and the immeasurable prairies, how will these strike our visitors? Doubtless they will exclaim, 'God is great,' and this is a 'great country!' Speaking of this Western country of Minnesota and Dacotah, I may mention that there is a project being developed to connect by a canal, less than a mile in length, two of the lakes of Minnesota, one connecting with the waters of the Mississippi and the other with the Red River of the North, by which a continual chain of communication will be opened between the Gulf of Mexico and Hudson's Bay—between the tropics and the arctic zone—through the interior waters of this continent. Let the Turkish Rear-Admiral see these things and understand this fact, and he will apostrophize Allah and say, this is a 'great country!'"

SALE OF THE COLLINS STEAMSHIPS.

The steamships of the Collins line—the *Adriatic*, *Baltic*, and *Atlantic*—were sold at auction last week by order of the Sheriff. They were sold together, and brought $50,000. The liens on the property amount to $657,000. The vessels are valued at $2,500,000. The purchaser was Dudley B. Fuller, of the firm of Fuller, Lord, & Co., iron merchants.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

In the House of Commons, on the 17th, notice was given of a bill to limit the duration of Parliament to three years. Lord John Russell's Oaths Bill was considered in Committee—the various clauses were agreed to, and the report was ordered to be brought up on the 22d. The Lords were not in session. On the 18th, in the House of Lords, the case of the Cagliari was debated, but without bringing to light any thing not already known. In the House of Commons the state of affairs in India claimed attention. Acts of cruelty to the Sepoys were strongly denounced, and a spirit of justice tempered with mercy was advocated on all sides. Mr. Disraeli, in reply to a question from Mr. Crawford, indignantly repelled the insinuation that Lord Malmesbury's dispatch to Count Walewski had been submitted to the French Government for approval before it was officially communicated. After some debate, leave was given to bring in a bill to disfranchise the electors of Galway on the ground of bribery. On Friday, the 19th, in the House of Lords, Earl Derby stated, in reply to an inquiry, that Government would not be parties to any measure which would impair the efficiency of the system of education established for half a century in Ireland. The East India Loan bill was finally passed. In the incident debate upon it, Lord Ellenborough said that, in future, it would be necessary to keep up in India forty battalions of European infantry, ten of European cavalry, and a large force of European artillery. In the House of Commons, General Peel said it was in contemplation to give a medal for the capture of Delhi. Nothing else of importance transpired.

INSTALLATION OF THE NEW GOVERNMENT.

The members of the new Government took their seats in the House of Commons on the 12th: the first day the House had met since the re-elections consequent upon the formation of the new Administration. The following took the oaths: The Right Hon. B. Disraeli, the Right Hon. S. H. Walpole, the Right Hon. Lord Stanley, the Right Hon. J. W. Henley, the Right Hon. Sir J. Pakington, the Right Hon. Lord J. Manners, General Peel, Lord Lovaine, Sir F. Kelly, Mr. Cairns, Lord H. Lennox, Mr. Adderley, Mr. Whitmore, Mr. S. Escourt, Right Hon. G. C. W. Forester, and Mr. Inglis. Lord Palmerston took the seat generally occupied by the leader of the opposition. Lord John Russell sat on the first seat on the floor immediately beyond the gangway, beside Mr. Roebuck.

A LETTER FROM ALLSOP.

Mr. Simon Bernard has been committed for trial on a charge of complicity in the late attempt to murder the Emperor of the French. In the course of the examination before the magistrate Mr. Bodkin put in a letter in Allsop's handwriting, and addressed to the prisoner, which was found at the residence of the latter. It commenced "My dear Doctor," and contained the following passages:

"I am glad to find difference of opinion limited to a single point. Differences of opinion exist in every army, but unity is necessary for action. However, I have every confidence in the future. *The abominable miscreant of* *the 2d of December seems to have reached his culminating point.* Have you seen the withering contempt with which Smith O'Brien alluded to the Queen kissing this unconvicted felon? *He is not likely to give much more trouble, even if he should escape the retribution he so richly merits. If I was in California now, I would double the amount offered by Landor to the man who should perform an act of justice toward that most wretched caitiff.* It is a poor consolation to know that he is obliged to drink before going abroad to drown his fears. *He must be killed*, and with him the system he feels it necessary to keep up. I shall feel pleased to hear of Orsini's progress. Be kind enough to assure Orsini of my warmest sympathy and affectionate regard. Yours, fraternally,

"Thos. Allsop."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR ON ASSASSINATION.

Referring to the letter from Allsop, given above, Mr. W. S. Landor writes a letter to the *Times*, in which he says: "Never have I countenanced any assassination whatsoever. Assassination I consider as the basest of crimes—tyrannicide as the sublimest of virtues, it being self-immolation for a man's native country. Beyond that country it would be murder. It strikes him down who hath subverted its laws and stands above them on their ruins. Now, whoever is above them is out of them; in one word, an outlaw.

"The Emperor Napoleon is the most legitimate *sovran* in the universe, having been chosen by a greater number of suffrages than ever was one before; whereas the wretched and infamous government which he overthrew annulled those which itself had recently called forth and consecrated. It was not he who planned and executed the invasion of the Roman state, the sister republic coming by stealth in the garb of amity, and perpetrating an assassination a hundred-fold more extensive than the Parisian. No, it was not he; it was those small, restless, wriggling creatures which showed their heads out of their burrows in the crevices of the old republic. It was politicians like Lamartine and Changarnier—first-rate in chatter, second-rate in literature, third-rate in public confidence. These people had abjured all ambition, all encroachment, all interference with the territory or government of other nations; yet attempted to wrest Savoy from Sardinia.

"So far am I from desiring the overthrow of Napoleon, I should regret the loss to Europe of the most energetic and sagacious potentate that ever governed any portion of it, excepting the great Protector and the great Stadtholder. To England the loss would be peculiarly deplorable, since we may rely on him, and on him only, for the continuance of peace.

"Personally, I never had any intimacy or connection with democratic strangers; I detest and abominate democracy, the destroyer of republics. Let me never be confounded either with the enemies or the partisans of Napoleon. Frequently, and for many years, I enjoyed his conversation, and I heartily wish him a long life and a long succession. He knows enough of me to be convinced that I care little for rank, for power, or for popularity, and that it is quite enough for me to be as retired and obscure as any man in England."

INTERNATIONAL BICKERINGS.

It is stated that Mr. Roebuck has received a challenge from the Count de Ligny, an officer in the French army, for his language in regard to France.

Caricatures from *Punch* having been sent to certain French Colonels, in the name of the Army and Navy Club in London, the Committee of that Club offer a reward of £50 for the name of the party who has been guilty of the insult.

A LETTER FROM LADY HAVELOCK.

The Mayor of Birmingham has received from Lady Havelock, in reply to a vote of condolence passed by the Birmingham town council, a letter in which she says:

"The high encomiums you have been pleased to pass upon the heroic deeds of Sir Henry Havelock, as a soldier and a general, and the exalted terms in which you have spoken of my beloved husband as a *man*, are like sweet incense to my broken, afflicted heart; not merely because the praises of those we love are ever precious to us, but because I am so well aware that the portraiture of his almost perfect character is by no means overdrawn, and the experience of more than eight-and-twenty years of domestic happiness only serves to strengthen this opinion. But I thank my Heavenly Father that, even in this crushing and unexpected bereavement, I have many sources of comfort. Our gracious Sovereign has provided bountifully for my wants, my sons are nobly following the bright example of their father, and my two daughters are my best earthly treasures. A shade of regret might intrude if I were to reflect on the altered prospects of my fatherless children; but I can not for a moment indulge in vain regrets, for our Heavenly Father ordains all things for the best, and I have too much confidence in my husband's countrymen to suppose that they can ever cease to take an interest in the children of Henry Havelock. May I beg you will do me the honor to convey my heartfelt thanks to the corporation of Birmingham, and to believe me, with every feeling of respect, to be yours very gratefully,

"Hannah S. Havelock.

"J. Ratcliff, Esq., Mayor of Birmingham."

FRANCE.

THE EXECUTION OF ORSINI AND PIERRI.

The execution of Giuseppe Andrea Pierri and of Felice Orsini, condemned to the punishment of parricides by the decree of the Court of Assizes of the Seine, on the 26th February last, took place on 13th ult. at seven o'clock A.M., on the Place de la Roquette. The sentence of death passed upon Carlo de Rudio has been commuted into that of hard labor for life. Gomez and Rudio will be shipped off, at the close of the month, on board the *Adour* for Senegal, and from thence they will be transported to the pestiferous swamps of Cayenne, which are less speedy, but as remorseless instruments of destruction as the guillotine which they congratulated themselves on escaping. The wife and daughter of Rudio will be permitted to accompany him in his exile.

THE SCAFFOLD.

"This morning the weather was bitterly cold, and the ground wet, from the snow which had fallen. The sky was covered with clouds of a slate color, and under that dismal canopy dark gray mists, transparent like funeral crape, were drifting about. The streets in the more distant part of the city were deserted, but as you neared the quarter contiguous to the prison, detached squads of *sergens de ville* might be seen moving toward the same direction, the occasional flash of bayonets in the gaslight was discernible, and nearer still the vague mass, without form or outline, and heaving to and fro, showed that the awful moment was approaching. Now and then a butcher's or a market gardener's cart, with its red lamp in front, rolled heavily along, and with difficulty made its way through the crowd. Many of the spectators had brought their breakfasts with them; they had their loaves under their arms, their pipes in their mouths. Some men were grave and serious, and spoke in a low tone of voice; others jested and laughed, and many observed that the prisoners well deserved their fate. About 15 paces from the gate of the prison the scaffold was erected, and on it rose the instrument of death, the name of which recalls so many terrible associations. There it stood on its platform like a ladder without steps—the block with the hole for the head to enter, at the lower end; at the upper the heavy knife of triangular shape, with its edge like a razor's; hard by it the shell for the body after decapitation, and in front the basket for the head; the cord by which the blade is kept suspended, the frame-work painted a dull red, just discerned in the dismal glimmering of a winter's morning, all presented a most hideous spectacle.

HOW THE CONVICTS PREPARED FOR DEATH.

"Precisely at six o'clock Orsini and Pierri were awoke from their sleep by the governor of the prison, who then announced to them that their hour was come. The Abbé Hugon, chaplain of the Roquette, and the chaplain of the Conciergerie, were present. They heard mass and received the Communion with respect, if not devotion. Soon after they were taken to the room called *de la toilette* for change of dress. When the convicts entered the *chambre de la toilette*, they were placed at different extremities of it, with their backs turned to each other. There were two assistant-executioners—one from Rouen, the other from Caen—besides him of Paris. These lost no time in preparing the convicts for the scaffold. During the dreadful operation Orsini remained calm; and though he was not so loud and contradictory as during his trial, Pierri was somewhat excited. The strait-waistcoat interfered with his gesticulations, but he hardly ceased talking for a moment. When the executioner was pinioning him he asked that the fastenings should not be drawn too tight, as he had no intention of escaping. The cold touch of the steel on his neck when the scissors cut off his hair, so as not to interfere with the guillotine, for an instant appeared to thrill through him; but he recovered himself when he found that his beard was left untouched. He thanked the executioner for letting him die with his face as became a man. When the hood, to which the vail which covers the features of the parricide is suspended, was put over his head, he is said to have laughed, and attempted a joke about the figure he must cut. At this moment he turned his head and perceived Orsini; he saluted him gayly, and asked how he was getting on. He was interrupted by Orsini, who was himself undergoing the same operation with the same *sang froid* as if he were under the hands of a valet dressing for a party, with the words, 'Be calm, be calm, my friend.' Pierri's tongue ran on, however. The assistant proceeded to strip him of his shoes, for in pursuance of the sentence they were to proceed to the scaffold barefooted. The man appeared to hesitate, but Pierri encouraged him to proceed, and assisted him as much as he could, still talking. The operation being over, and the toilet complete, he turned toward the turnkey and asked to be allowed to embrace him. This request was complied with. The moment of moving now came, and the Abbé Hugon cried out, 'Courage!' 'Oh! I am not afraid—I am not afraid,' he said; 'we are going to Calvary!' and in a sort of feverish excitement he repeated to himself, 'Calvary, Calvary!'

ORSINI'S CALMNESS.

"Orsini was, on the other hand, as calm and tranquil as his fellow-convict was excited. He spoke little; but when the governor of the prison and some of the officers approached him he bade them, in a low tone of voice, farewell. The turnkey of his cell announced to him, in a tone of regret, that his last moment was come. Orsini thanked him for his sympathy. His hair was also cut away from his neck, but he underwent the operation without flinching. At the moment when the hood was put on his head his face, which up to that moment was calm and impassible, became flushed for a moment and his eye lighted up.

THEY ASCEND THE SCAFFOLD.

"The prison clock struck seven; before the last sound died away the door leading to the scaffold opened as of itself. The Abbé Hugon entreated Pierri to profit by the few moments still left to collect his thoughts and assume a calmer attitude. He promised to be calm, but said he should chant a patriotic hymn; and it is said that he actually began to sing the well-known 'Mourir pour la Patrie.' Leaning on the Abbé Hugon he mounted fifteen steps of the scaffold, still repeating the verses of the song.

"Orsini was supported by the chaplain of the Conciergerie, and his calmness never abandoned him for a moment. When he appeared on the platform it could be seen, from the movement of his body and of his head, though covered with the vail, that he was looking out for the crowd, and probably intending addressing them. But they were too far off. The greffier then directed the usher to read the sentence of the Court condemning the prisoners to the death of parricides. The usher, who was an old man, over sixty, was evidently much moved at having to perform his duty, and he trembled as much from emotion as from cold as he read the document which no one listened to.

THE KNIFE FALLS.

"After this formality was terminated Orsini and Pierri embraced their spiritual attendants, and pressed their lips on the crucifix offered to them. They then gave themselves up to the headsman. Pierri was attached to the plank in an instant. He was executed first. The moment his vail was raised, and before his head was laid on the block, it is affirmed that he cried, '*Vive l'Italie, Vive la Republique!*'

"Orsini was then taken in hand. His vail was raised, and his countenance still betrayed no emotion. Before he was fastened to the plank he turned in the direction of the distant crowd, and, it is said, cried '*Vive la France!*' It was but five minutes past seven when the second head fell into the basket. A cold shudder ran among those whose attention was fixed upon what was passing on the scaffold, and for an instant there was deep silence. It passed off, however, very soon. When all was over men went to their work, and parties who had gone together to the spot from distant quarters of the town hastened home to breakfast. The morning was becoming clearer every moment. The troops began to move as if about to leave the ground. The guillotine was lowered and taken off; the crowds gradually thinned; some few groups still lingered about the spot; but the cold was bitter, and the snow began to fall, and in a few hours the place was deserted."

THE FEELING AMONG THE CROWD.

A by-stander says: "When the dead, dull sound of the falling of the knife upon Orsini was heard, it was responded to by an immense but smothered reply of '*Vive la Republique!*' I can not properly describe this; it was like a gigantic mutter; it was not a cry or a shout, but it sounded like the breath of the sigh of thousands of human lungs. It was well appreciated by the authorities; for, on the instant, the soldiers raised the most disorderly clatter imaginable; struck their horses, so as to make them plunge and kick, shook their arms, and contrived that the popular whisper should be stifled without being literally put down. But the words, '*Vive la Republique!*' must have been clearly audible to every one." In addition to this my friend says—"I purposely went home on foot, threading my way slowly through the groups wherever I found them thickest. I am bound to admit that every where I heard expressions of sympathy and admiration for Orsini, whose crime seems utterly forgotten, while only the effect produced by his courage and generosity toward his associates remains. Pierri's name I did not hear once. The attitude of the populace was, I should say, extremely menacing, for it has the marks of a hate and thirst for vengeance seated too deep for words. All the remarks I heard were made in an under-tone, as though a police spy were dreaded at every instant."

THE BODIES.

"Orsini has left a will, in which he begs the Government will permit his family to transport his remains to England, that they may be laid beside those of several of his companions in exile. This request he had preferred before his death. A lady applied at the Roquette prison for permission to comply with the last wishes of the deceased; but as she was not furnished with proofs of her relationship, her request was declined. It is even doubtful whether it would be granted under any circumstances; and even were it granted, it is said that the heads of both Orsini and Pierri were steeped in vitriol after death, that no prying Madame Tussaud or insinuating Claudet might, would, or could photograph the features, which may be stamped upon the banners of democracy in future times."

ORSINI'S LETTER TO HIS CHILDREN.

In the year 1854, when about to start on the desperate mission which led to his arrest at Hermannstadt, and confinement in the citadel of Mantua, Orsini intrusted the education of his daughters to his brother and uncle, and to the former addressed a letter, some passages of which are of interest at the present time:

"My dear Daughters,—These few lines, together with two little hearts, which contain two locks of my hair, will be consigned to you when I am alive no longer; you will also receive a portrait greatly resembling me. The vicissitudes of Italy do not permit me to watch over your education myself, and I have not had the sweet pleasure to caress you in your most beautiful period of youth.

* * * * * * *

"First, believe in God! I have a firm conviction of His existence. Second, possess unalterable principles of honor! Mark! I do not mean malleable and material principles; no, but those which are universally recognized as such by all people and nations, which do not alter with the changes of time, of country, of governments; I mean those principles which are eternal truths, absolute, immutable, not depending on any one's caprice.

* * * * * * *

"When the true principles of honor have taken root in you, as I have explained, and that they are considered by you as the basis of public and private morality, you must necessarily be lovers of your country, honest, affectionate toward your parents, pure in your youth, pure and faithful to your husbands to whom you may be married; in fine, loving toward your children, and adorned with the finest qualities which can be desired in women destined by God and nature to embellish the life of man and to render his existence less miserable.

* * * * * * *

"Give ear to these words which your father composes with tears in his eyes. I hope that you may never suffer the lightest of the misfortunes experienced by me, the least of the disappointments in friendship. If you marry, be careful how you make your selection; let him be honest, honorable, a lover of his country; let his heart be large, and let him be capable of true friendship, and be careful to return it on your part with conduct equally noble and an affection equally pure. Be faithful to the husband whom you select for your life-companion; let the very thought of infidelity strike you with horror; destroy yourselves rather than fall into that fault; an error like that nothing can ever remedy; the pardon which might be conceded does not remedy the evil; in you remains an eternal stain, in the husband an eternal rancor—an eternal remembrance of your guilt, of your dishonesty. Take care of yourselves, and keep this as a general maxim, that the greater part of men are bad and wicked; and lastly, in leisure moments cultivate your minds with pleasing and moral reading, which will have the effect of guiding your minds early toward good, and nourishing you with the fruit of wisdom!"

THE EMPEROR'S APPEARANCE AT THE OPERA.

On Wednesday, 17th ult., for the first time since the attempt of the 14th of January, the Emperor and Empress visited the French Opera in the Rue Lepellitier. The correspondent of the *Times* describes the precautions taken on the occasion. For about half an hour before his Majesty arrived the streets were completely cleared; no group of persons was allowed to remain opposite the entrance. A chain of sentinels was stationed on both sides of the pathway, and the middle of the street was patrolled now and then to keep it clear. The Emperor's carriage was preceded by five or six Lancers, with an escort of about twenty or thirty; not more than the ordinary number followed.

THE SPY SYSTEM AT PARIS.

The London *Times* draws a fearful picture of the extent to which the spy system is carried in Paris. It says:

"We hear of professional spies of every apparent rank in life, from the well-dressed gentleman to the workman in his blouse; we hear of *lorettes* paid for information concerning those with whom they associate; we hear of hotels and restaurants being frequented by persons whose duty it is to listen to the conversation of suspicious visitors, and to endeavor to draw them into an expression of opinion. But the worst feature of all is the encouragement of domestic treachery by the corruption of private servants. No one can be secure that the man who brushes his coat or the woman who attends on his children is not in correspondence with the police. We are not repeating any *gobemouche* gossip; we are stating facts proved beyond a doubt, and commenting on practices which are not even denied." Our contemporary proceeds to show that sedition will be generated by this intolerable omnipresence of the police; that every advance of the new power will necessitate a still further extension; that such a system of government for a high-spirited nation is full of danger to the Emperor and to the world; and it asks, "Why should Napoleon III., after all his exploits and his glory, prepare for himself the old age of Tiberius?"

HOW THE EMPEROR ESCAPED ASSASSINATION.

It is stated that on 14th January the Emperor's carriage interiorly was lined with sheet iron, a circumstance which, after all, must have been the most important in saving his life. It is probable that all the imperial carriages are thus lined. It is generally believed, too, from the remarkable difference in size presented by his Majesty's person when at home and in the street, that he wears concealed armor whenever he goes out.

THE EMPEROR'S RECKLESSNESS.

A letter from Paris gives the following account of the Emperor:

"Yesterday he was in the Bois de Boulogne without escort, and was walking about with the Empress and the Imperial Prince. I happened this afternoon to be a witness to the almost rash way in which he sets at naught precautions which most men in his situation would be likely to take. Passing through the Tuileries gardens, between three and four o'clock this afternoon, I saw the Emperor alone, standing on the steps of the little staircase leading from his study to the reserved garden, which is only fenced off from the public promenade by a railing not more than forty yards from the palace, and a railing which any body might jump over. For at least a quarter of an hour he remained alone, leaning on the banisters in an attitude of contemplation, with his legs crossed, and smoking a cigar. The day being very fine, thousands of people were walking in the gardens, and great numbers leaned over the railings to stare at him. When at length, being summoned by an usher to give audience to some one, he went into his study, he left the outer door open. Whatever may be said against him, truth commands one to say that pusillanimity is not one of his characteristics."

THE DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE.

The diplomatic correspondence exchanged on the subject of Count Walewski's dispatch by the English and French Governments is reproduced by the Paris journals, and pronounced by them highly satisfactory, as far as the integrity of the alliance is concerned. The *Pays* and the *Courrier de Paris*, however, alone publish leading articles on the subject. Both articles bear certain traces of irritation. The *Pays* says: "Lord Malmesbury was aware of the real meaning of Count Walewski's dispatch of the 20th of January; and if he desired an explanation it was only in order to fulfill the conditions which placed the new Cabinet in power. This species of compromise between the necessities of policy and the conscience of statesmen is readily understood in England, but in France it has ever been severely judged; and these compromises form the principal motive of the disrepute into which Parliamentary government has fallen in France."

HOW THE RED PETTICOAT FARES IN PARIS.

The *Times* correspondent says: "The Aberdeen, or Balmoral petticoats, seem to have created in America more or less confusion in the minds of the critics. These petticoats were very common here a year ago, but were then exclusively worn by Englishwomen of fashion. The present winter they are sold in all the shops, and are worn by Frenchwomen as well. But the Frenchwomen who wear them do so for economy and not for fashion; and the consequence is that fashionable Englishwomen are forsaking them, and they will soon fall exclusively into the hands of the *petite bourgeoisie*."

LAMARTINE IN TROUBLE AGAIN.

Lamartine finds himself at last forced to sell his hereditary and acquired landed property at Mâcon, in order to save from grave loss the friends by whose aid alone he has for some years last past been able nominally to hold it. It is certainly high testimony to the worth of the man that, on the announcement of this determination, his townsmen and some other friends and admirers, more than four hundred persons in all, have proposed to him to take the charge of the sale, and so arrange it as to produce for him the greatest possible benefit beyond a sale conducted in the ordinary manner. It is proposed to put the estate in lottery.

A BON-MOT ABOUT WASHINGTON.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* says: "The late Washington Ball at the American Legation in this city, was the subject of a *bon-mot* dropped by the French Minister of War, which ought to have publicity. Marshal Vaillant remonstrated with Mr. Mason previous to the ball on the inappropriateness of giving a *fête* during Lent, and asked if it were not a mistake. 'If it is a mistake,' replied Mr. Mason, 'it was Washington who made it, for that is his birthday, and the ball is in honor of the event.' 'Oh, that's it,' replied the Marshal; 'then it is the only mistake he ever made in his life!' The Marshal was one of the first guests at the ball—a concession he made to the name of Washington, for he is a strict observer of the requirements of Lent. When the orchestra, in opening the gayeties of the evening, commenced the national air, 'Hail Columbia!' the whole company spontaneously rose to their feet."

A STRANGE LUNATIC AT PARIS.

Some commotion was caused in the garden of the Palais Royal, the other day, by a young man, whose dress was in disorder, crying and gesticulating in a strange manner, and giving to the passers-by pieces of paper, saying, "Take and read. If you have faith you will find in letters of flame revelations of extraordinary things! And then you must act, for the fullness of time has come!" The papers, however, turned out to be blank. The man was arrested, and, on being taken before the commissary of police of the district, he fell on his knees, and, opening a Bible which he carried under his arm, he began singing a psalm. He was searched, and a small sum of money was found on him, but it was ascertained that he had distributed a larger sum. On inquiry it was found that he was a lunatic who had escaped from the asylum at Bicêtre. He was sent back to that asylum.

GERMANY.

AN APPLE OF DISCORD.

An apple of discord has been flung into Stuttgard society. A letter has come to *poste restante*, directed "to the fairest woman in the city." It is exhibited at the post-office window, and has some soft substance inclosed, feeling like lace, and probably of value. A committee of ladies (jury of matrons) is about to sit on the property. If men had to decide, duels would be plentiful.

INDIA.

THE COMING ATTACK ON LUCKNOW.

The Bombay correspondent of the *Times* writes: "In all probability the great blow has been already delivered at Lucknow by the Commander-in-Chief. Not, as we anticipated, from the direction of Futtyghur and the Ramgunga, but along the direct road from Cawnpore, by which, on the track of Havelock and Outram, he has once already marched to victory, Sir Colin advances upon the rebellious city.

"Sir Colin having, as I have said, pushed on from Futtyghur for Cawnpore, the troops followed him with all possible speed. Sir Colin went down on the 8th to see and confer with the Governor-General at Allahabad, but before that date two bridges had been thrown across the river, and the movement into Oude had commenced. A brigade under Colonel Campbell, of the Bays, crossed on the 4th, composed of the 7th Hussars, 79th Highlanders, and Major Anderson's troop of Horse-artillery.

"On the 6th went over the 9th Lancers, 1st Bengal Fusiliers, and Remington's troop of Bengal Horse-artillery. On the 10th, the 42d and 93d Highlanders, Hodson's Horse, and another troop of Horse-artillery. On the 12th, the date of our latest accounts, Sir Colin had returned from Allahabad, but had not yet crossed into Oude. The report that has reached us attributes this delay to the non-arrival of the siege-train and convoy from Agra, and adds that considerable anxiety was felt for the safety of this important addition to the attacking force. But this, I think, is a mistake, for the convoy appears to have been but two marches from Cawnpore on the 4th, with the siege-train only one march in its rear. And an officer writing from the Chief's camp on the 8th, states expressly that the train came in on the 7th, and was to cross about the 12th.

"I conclude, therefore, that Sir Colin was only waiting to see the whole force over before he himself crossed, and that within a day or two after the date of our latest accounts he once more set foot in the rebel province, at the head of probably from 12,000 to 15,000 men, and about 140 guns, some 80 of them pieces of heavy metal, and the remaining 60 field-pieces, the whole number under the command of Sir Archdale Wilson."

TRIAL OF THE KING OF DELHI.

The trial of the ex-King of Delhi commenced on Wednesday, January 27, in the Dewan Khas of the Palace. It was half past twelve o'clock before the prisoner was brought in. He appeared very infirm, and tottered into court, supported on one side by the "interesting youth," Jumma Bukht, and on the other by a confidential servant, and coiled himself into a small bundle upon the cushion assigned to him. He presented such a picture of helpless imbecility as, under other circumstances, must have awakened pity. He sat coiled up on a cushion on the left of the President and to the right of the Government prosecutor; his son, Jumma Bukht, standing a few yards to his left, and a guard of rifles beyond all.

The prosecutor read the charges against the prisoner, stating that, although the prisoner might be fully convicted by the Court, no capital sentence could be passed upon him, in consequence of his life having been guaranteed to him by General Wilson, in a promise conveyed through Captain Hodson.

The prosecutor then put the question, through the interpreter, "Guilty, or not guilty?" which the prisoner either did not, or affected not to understand; and there was some delay in explaining it to him. He then declared himself profoundly ignorant of the nature of the charges against him, although a translated copy of them was furnished and read to him, in the presence of witnesses, some twenty days previous. After some more delay the prisoner pleaded "Not guilty," and the business of the Court proceeded.

THE EVIDENCE AND VERDICT.

On the 7th and 8th days the prosecutor examined, through the interpreter, a person named Jutmull, formerly news-writer to the Lieutenant-Governor at Agra. His evidence confirmed all we have already heard concerning the cold-blooded atrocities committed absolutely under the prisoner's own apartments in the palace. The canal water, which ran through the place of execution, was, it appears, used for the purpose of washing away all traces of the bloody deed.

On the twelfth day "Golam" was examined, and gave some particulars of the massacre of Europeans inside the palace, of which he was an eye-witness.

A telegram received at Bombay states that the prisoner was found guilty, and sentenced to transportation for life to the Andamans.

BANISHMENT OF THE KING OF DELHI.

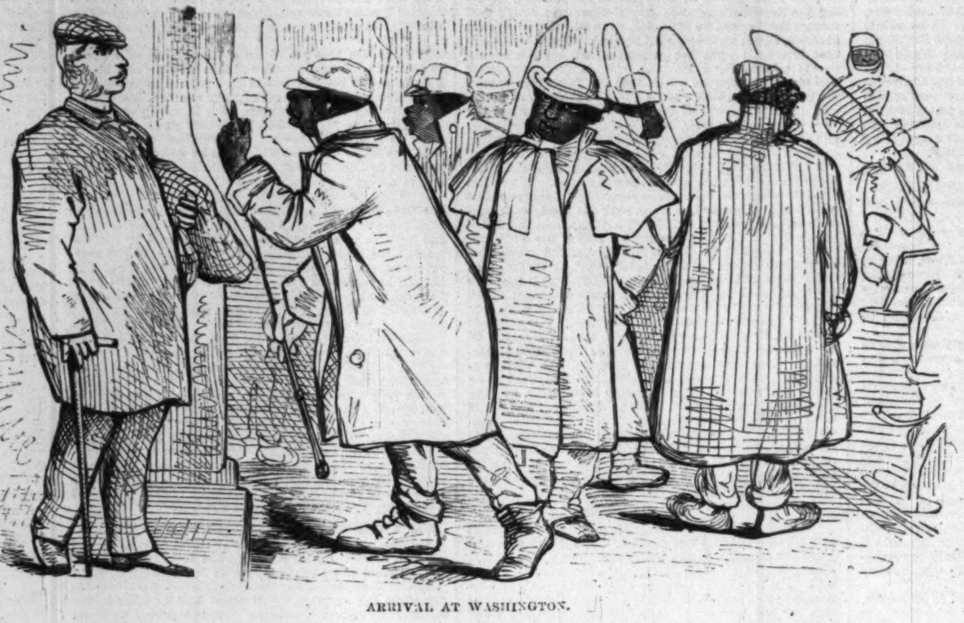
The unsatisfactory nature of the telegrams received rendered it difficult for many to understand the precise locality to which the King of Delhi has been banished. For the information of numerous correspondents we furnish the following facts respecting the settlement: Andaman Islands, or Andamaus, are a chain of islands on the east side of the Bay of Bengal, consisting of four principal islands and a number of smaller. The whole chain extends from latitude 10° 10′ to 14° 55′ N.; longitude 92° 23′ to 94° 15′ E. In 1791 the English effected a settlement near the south extremity of the Great Andaman, but in 1793 removed it to Port Cornwallis, on the east side, and near the north extremity. The object of the undertaking was the procuring of a good harbor to shelter ships during the northeast monsoon, and to receive convicts from Bengal.

NENA SAHIB'S WHEREABOUTS.

There is later intelligence of the monster of cruelty, Nena Sahib. According to the natives, he was on the opposite side of the river in Oude, in the last extremity of terror and despair. Deserted by, or having himself dismissed, all his followers but a few Mahratta irregular infantry, he wanders about the country with such precipitation and impatience of delay that, in the expressive native phrase, "He dines in one place and washes his hands in another." By thus constantly shifting his position, and by equally constant changes in his dress and accoutrements, he seeks to lessen or to counteract the increasing chances of capture by an enemy against whom he knows that he has sinned too deeply to be forgiven.

WASHINGTON FROM A MOHAMMEDAN POINT OF VIEW.—[By a very obscure Member of the Turkish Admiral's Suite.]

Washington, D. C.,
31st March, 1858.

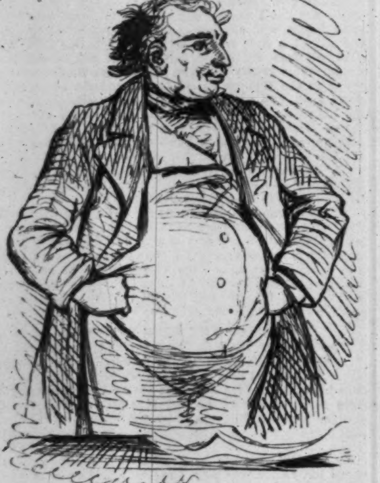


ARRIVAL AT WASHINGTON.

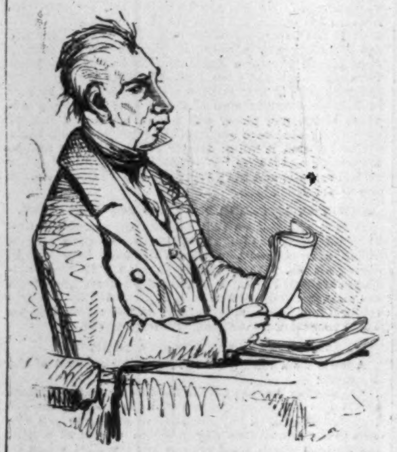
Agreeably to the command of his Excellency the Admiral Mohammed Pacha, I now proceed to give you the net results of our observations and experiences in Washington, after more than a fortnight's residence there and association with the Effendis and Pachas of your land.

Washington is not so large a place as Constantinople. There are not so many men there, nor so many dogs; which is the greater loss you, Editor Effendi, shall determine. Of barking and yelping, however, we had enough when we followed his Excellency into the Divan of Representatives; but—as Mirza wisely observed, that evening—whereas dogs do bark and snarl at each other only when a juicy bone moveth their contention, the members of your Divan contend with each other without even the smallest morsel of bone or flesh to be won by the victors.

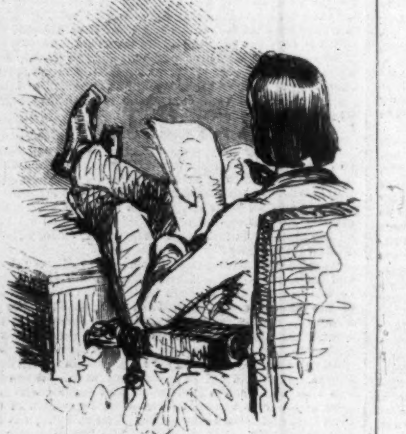
Of mosques there are several—poor, mean edifices, to my view—albeit the people here seem to think them monstrous fine. My pious friend Mustapha hath spent an hour extra each morning in prayer for the blind people of this region, in hopes that they may be converted to the true faith—that the Koran may be read daily in their mosques—and that a space may be cleared therein for orthodox devotions with prostrate bodies. He hath been more ardent than ever since day before yesterday, when he converted a pious American, by name Treenail Keel, a ship-builder by trade, and a man, I learn, of note in your society. His devotions at the present moment excite our earnest admiration: he spends his whole time in the perusal of the Koran, prostrates himself night and morning, bathes regularly (which, I think, was needed for his body as well as his soul), and designs to espouse, at a convenient interval, two or three more wives, in order to bring himself thoroughly within the Prophet's fold. You, Editor Effendi, may scoff at his piety—you Americans are a nation of scoffers. I regret to say the Admiral has not thought any the better of his models of ships for our navy; but Mustapha is quite elated, and intends, so soon as he returns to his own land, to organize a Society for the Propagation of the Koran among you. He says that one of your prominent men—one Brigham Young—is already half a Mussulman, and that in one of your States—Maine—that great Moslem doctrine—abstinence from spirituous liquors—has already been adopted as a general law.



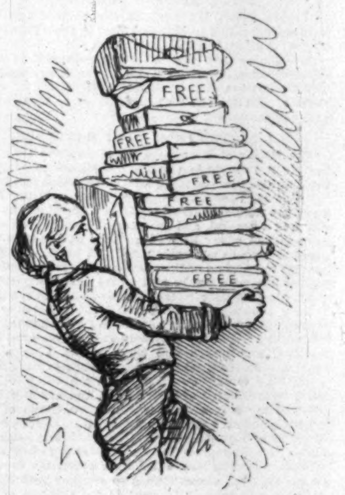
MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM THE WEST.



MEMBER FROM THE EAST.



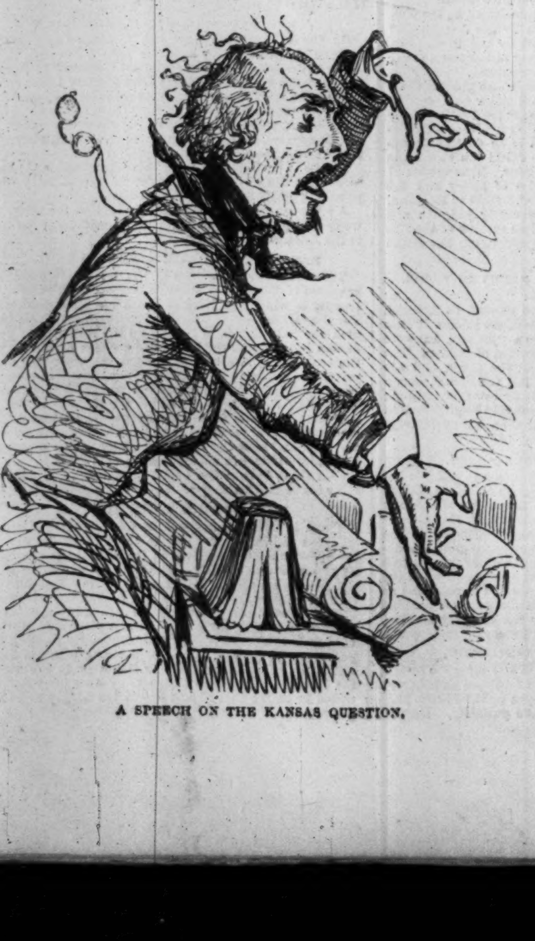
MEMBER FROM THE SOUTH.



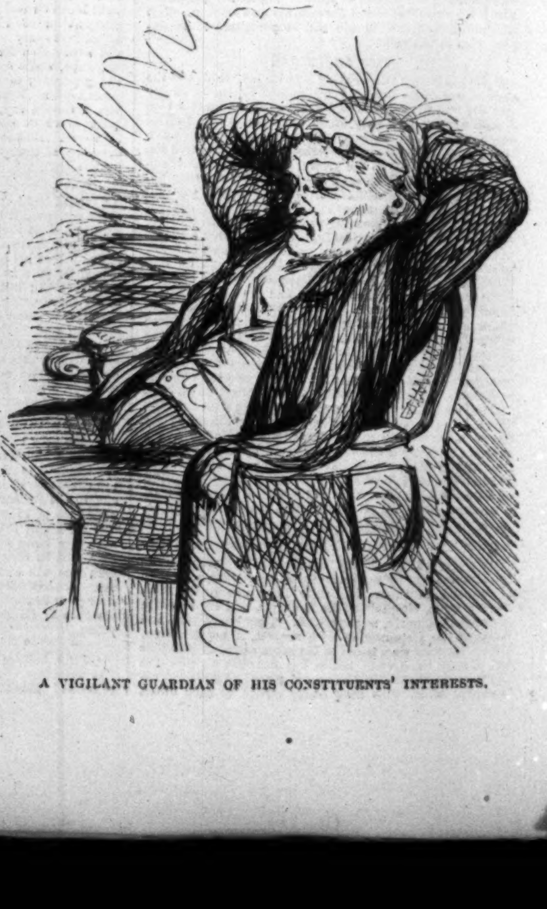
CONVENIENCE OF THE FRANKING PRIVILEGE.

I am myself a tolerant individual, and therefore when, on our arrival, a number of negroes seized us and our luggage, and carried us off hither and thither, without regard to our remonstrances, I said "Allah be praised!" and forbore to rebel against the usages of the country. I regret that on the gathering together of our party and our luggage, his Excellency should have lost much valuable property, and I a very convenient writing-desk, containing some money and many useful papers; but after all, what is written is written, and there is no use contending against the decree of fate. Who are we that we should rebel against our destiny, or assume to control the habits and customs of foreign nations? Americans submit to our usages, and I submit to theirs—though I wish I had the letters of introduction which were in my desk.

Soon after our arrival here we went to a Presidential levee. It was a very singular spectacle—at least, to us. Every body dressed as they pleased. Some seemed to have come from the plow, without even washing from their hands the dirt which their honest labor had left there. There were numbers of lovely women, all unvailed, according to the custom of your country. Two or three of them gazed at the Admiral in a manner which is well understood in our country; but his Excellency, whose virtue is truly worthy of the blessed Prophets, deputed Mustapha to communicate to them his irrevocable resolution not to enlarge his harem at present. The first to whom our venerable colleague broke the painful intelligence burst into tears; but Mustapha, in firm but respectful tones, warned her—she is the daughter of one of your greatest chiefs—that neither lamentations nor tears would avail her; his Excellency's purpose was set. The next flew into furious exclamations, speaking your American language so rapidly that Mustapha could not comprehend her; but from the frequent repetition in her harangue of a sound like dam, he inferred that her pride would speedily dam the torrent of her tears. He therefore applauded her resolution, and proceeded to discharge his grave duty with the third lady whose soft and eloquent eyes had told her tale of love. She, it seems, was the wife of a member of your Divan, and when Mustapha called, her husband was sitting with her drinking the unlawful but delicious beverage—Champagne. Our venerable friend delivered his message slowly and deliberately, as became his dignity. The husband started as though he was surprised, and bade our worthy colleague repeat his speech. He had not finished it—I use the words of Mustapha—before the barbarian member of the Divan rose, and seizing our colleague by the throat, shook him violently; then alluding, like the last-mentioned lady, to the prospect of damming up his feelings, actually—will you believe it?—applied the toe of his boot to a part of our friend which no respectable Turk will deposit on any thing save the softest cushion; and by consecutive and rapidly succeeding impulses, drove him into the street.



A SPEECH ON THE KANSAS QUESTION.



A VIGILANT GUARDIAN OF HIS CONSTITUENTS' INTERESTS.

This, too, we have agreed, is one of the customs of your country—and painful as it was to the feelings (to speak of nothing else) of the worthy Mustapha, we have resolved to endure it with resignation.

Our next experience was in your Divan or Congress. Here we sat a whole day listening to speeches on a part of your country called Kansas, which, I am told, is very thinly populated, and not easily got at. Mirza, who is a very acute observer, felt satisfied, on watching the warmth with which the speakers debated the question, that the point at issue was whether this distant region should be supplied with population, machinery, and means to develop itself; and certainly, from the length of the speeches and the excitement of the speakers, one would infer that nothing less than the ultimate existence of the region in question was at stake. Feeling some doubt on the matter, I inquired of a member of the Divan, who was so polite as to call on us, whether Kansas would be handed over to the English, or abandoned to the wolves and buffalo, if the proposition before the Divan was rejected?

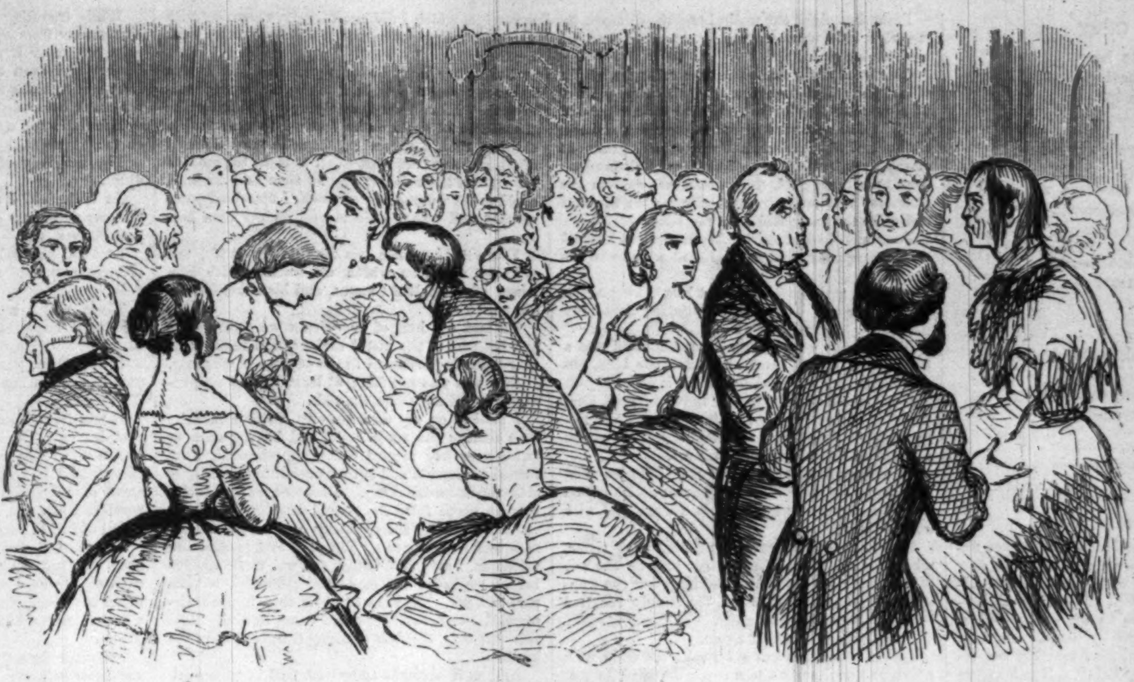
He laughed a good deal (which surprised me greatly, as he had been very earnest and angry during the debate), and said: Oh no; the question was whether or no certain election returns, at places called Swindleum, and Cheatem, and Flogem, were correct; and whether they were or weren't it didn't matter, and nobody had any right to interfere.

From all which I perceived how great a people you Americans are, and how prosperous and happy you must be, when the only subject on which your legislators can quarrel is the doings of little places in wild regions on the outskirts of your country.

My friend the member of the Divan was a friend of the government. Every body in my country is a friend of our government, or pretends to be; in yours, I find, almost every body is against the government. Another illustration of the greatness of your country; for all the opposition which is made to the government does not appear to disturb it in the least. When I mentioned Mr. Buchanan's name to my friend his eyes moistened and he pressed my hand. "Mr. Turk," said he, "Buchanan is a great man—a second Washington. He has just appointed my nephew postmaster of Buchananville, in Oregon Territory."

I said that I was a great admirer of Mr. Buchanan, and that he had treated us very well.

My friend was so obliging as to point out the chief members of the House. I noticed that the Eastern men were mostly thin, spare, grave-looking men, seemingly with a great deal on their conscience. They had a bilious air, and rather a cantankerous expression. The Western men, of whom there were a prodigious number, were, on the contrary, fat men, like our provincial Pachas; their face was unctuous, and their manner what the English call jolly. They seemed well pleased with the progress of affairs. The Southern men were, as a rule, more like the Western than the Eastern members in their manners, but more like the Eastern than the Western men in their physical development. They were thin men, but free-and-easy in their manners, given to lay their legs on chairs and tables, to chew tobacco, and to drink much of the forbidden beverages; withal genial, hearty fellows, fond of good cheer, and realizing their right to command. None of the members of the Divan were as dignified as the persons in my country who



A PRESIDENTIAL LEVEE.

occupy exalted positions; but who am I that I should undertake to judge others?

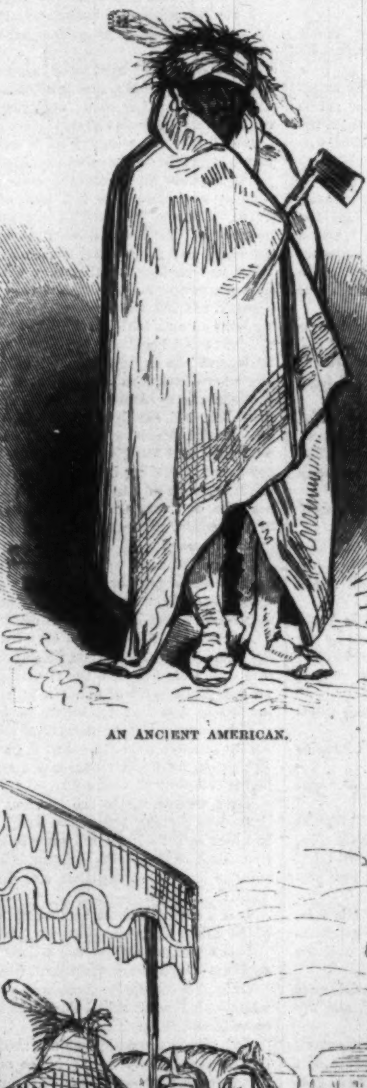
We have had many walks in the Common which they call Pennsylvania Avenue. Mirza, whose appetite is failing, crosses the Common twice before breakfast, and finds the exercise an unusual stimulus. Mustapha has tried to follow his example, but finds the distance too great; once across and back again exhausts him. It is, indeed, a monstrously wide common; why call it an avenue?

We have seen since we have been here one or two of your original Americans, and have compared them with a gentleman who has some connection with your Republican palace, and who is said to be a type of the modern American. Of course we can not judge of such matters; but to us it seems that, barring the breeches, the ancient American is the finer looking creature of the two. Is this the general opinion?

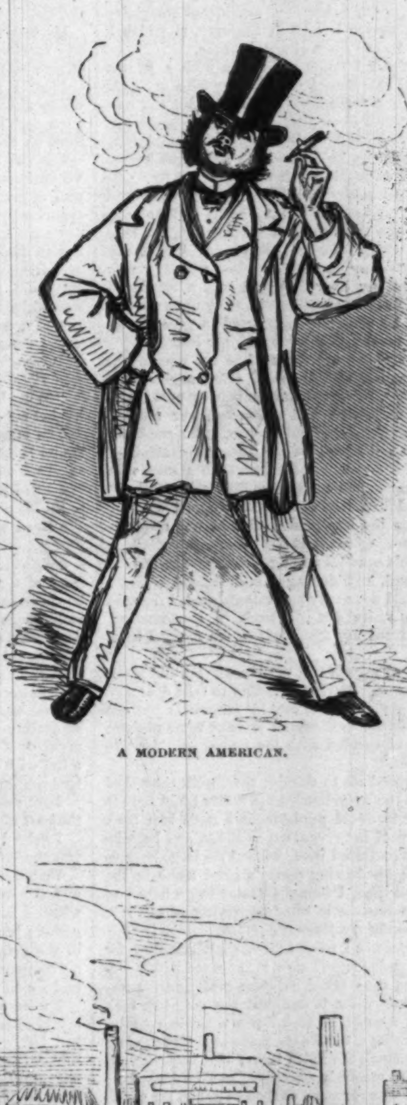
You know, of course, Editor Effendi, that, by the rules of our holy religion, no good Moslem ever tastes that heavenly but forbidden beverage which is called Champagne. Of late years, I blush to say, the wholesome rule has been honored in the breach by many to whom we had a right to look for example. Of that delicious kiosque on the Bosphorus, at Topkaneh, and of the blissful revels which it witnessed throughout many a dewy summer night, it becomes no one, much less so humble a servant of the Prophet as myself, to speak. But among us we have always—yes, always—religiously preserved ourselves pure. The other night, however, as Mirza and I were sitting enjoying our chibouks, and meditating on the uncertainty of human destinies, a member of your Divan called. He was an aged man, stout of figure, and red of face; a man monstrously puffed up, as it seemed to us, with good opinion of himself, yet ignorant of some things which even our children know—for did he not confess that he knew not the first elements of geography?—that he knew no east, no west, no north, no south? Well, this member of the Divan, after many civil speeches, announced to us that he was a manufacturer of a beverage which was especially intended for those persons who, like ourselves, religiously abstain from intoxicating drinks, and that he wished us to do him the honor of tasting it.

Mirza asked him, somewhat nervously, if he was sure it would not intoxicate?

He answered that the question having arisen in one of your Courts, an expert had been called in and plied with drink: that he had drunken bravely nine-and-forty large tumblers, until, from being a thin man when he began to drink, he had swollen to a monstrous volume before he ended: that the Court had then interrogated him, and, finding no thickness in his speech, nor uncertainty in his gait, had rendered a formal judgment that the liquor in question could not intoxicate.



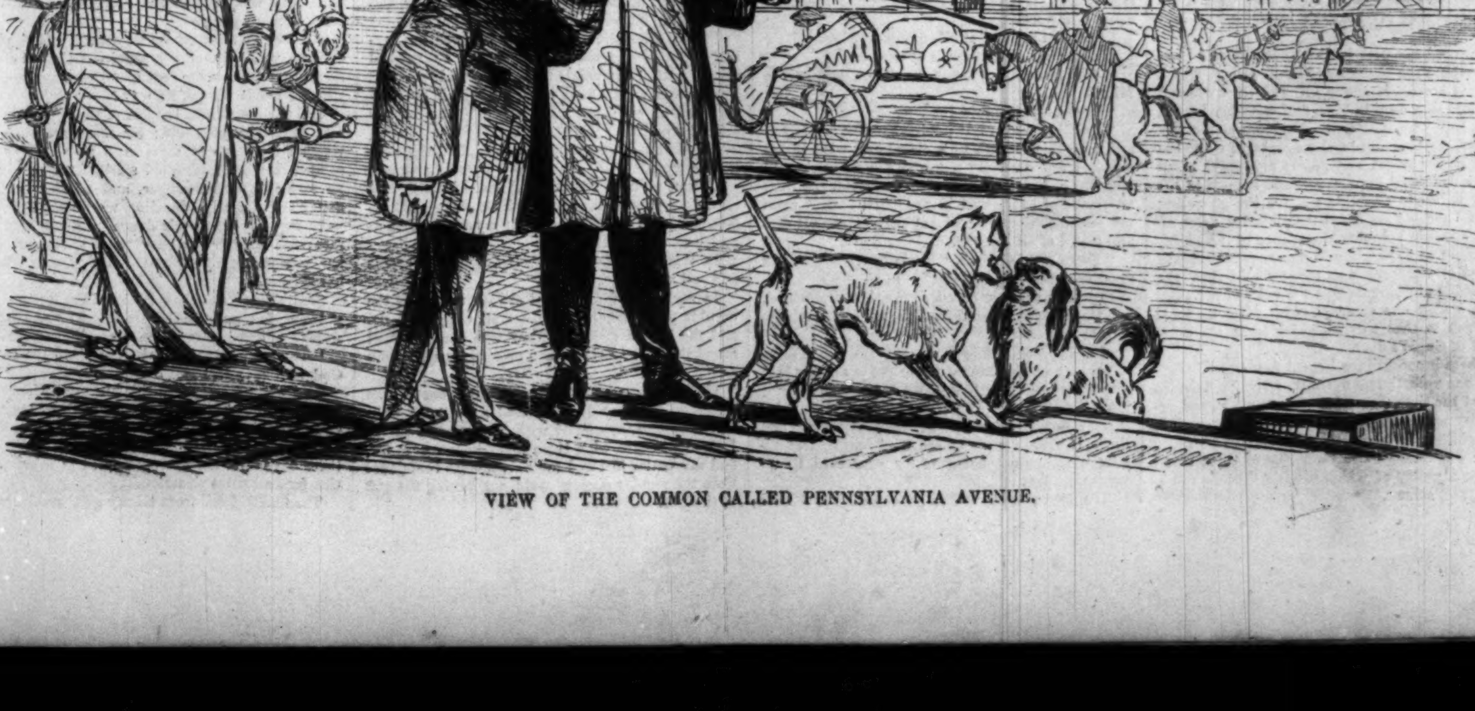
AN ANCIENT AMERICAN.



A MODERN AMERICAN.

Thus reassured, Mirza and I fell a drinking of the proffered beverage; and very good we found it. For my part, I take a good deal, and have found the assertion as to its harmlessness strictly true. Mirza takes more than I do, and, the other night, fell asleep on our door-step, where he was picked up by a charitable Samaritan; but as the accident occurred on the eve of the eclipse of the sun, it was readily accounted for. In our country men of Mirza's station always observe eclipses. There was no ground whatever for the profane remark made by a member of your Divan on the subject, to the effect that it was our friend, and not the sun, who had got eclipsed; nor should the accident injure the character of our favorite drink—lager beer.

Editor Effendi, I have written you a long letter. For this time I will say no more, save that I commend you to the protection of Allah.



VIEW OF THE COMMON CALLED PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

LOVE'S CURE.

If thou wilt ease thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then sleep, dear, sleep.

And not a sorrow
Hang any tear on your eyelashes;
Lie still and deep,
Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
The rim o' the sun to-morrow,
In eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart
Of love and all its smart?
Then die, dear, die.

'Tis deeper, sweeter,
Than on a rose-bank to lie dreaming,
With folded eye;
And then alone amid the beaming
Of love's stars, thou'lt meet her,
In eastern sky.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A THIEF.

BY CHARLES READE.

I did nothing that I particularly remember until I was fifteen, except learn my lessons with now and then a fight. I lived with my mother in Edinburgh. One day a person of gentlemanly appearance met a band of us as we were going to school, and inquired for me by name. He took me aside into a tavern, and after treating me, revealed himself to me as my father. He also gave me a crown, and promised to see me again: but was unfortunately prevented, or perhaps forgot.

My education being now considered complete, I went to receive lessons in anatomy, at which I remained for the space of nine months.

I now formed an acquaintance with a young lady. (At this time I was staying with my godfather upon my mother's decease.) But she was unfortunately a Romanist, and on this account my godfather ordered me to leave off her acquaintance, which I refusing, he ordered me out of the house. I complied with this harsh mandate, but first collected all the money I could find, which amounted to about £50—and with this I went to Dunfermline, and from there to the Rumbling Brigg, where I lodged with a couple well to do: I paid my board while my money lasted—but being now empty, and my host finding I was a scholar, I agreed to give him three lessons a day upon the sly, for which he privately contracted to give me secretly the money to pay his wife my board.

This lasted three months: but one evening as we were at our studies, and having neglected to lock the door, being become too bold by past impunity, the wife, who had discovered our retreat, having listened a moment or two, burst suddenly in upon us and falling on her knees exclaimed—

"Good Heavens, am I married to a man who does not know that three times five make fifteen?" and burst into a flood of tears and reproaches.

This was the line of the table he was unfortunately repeating to me at the time.

His wife's conduct raising a counter-excitement in my pupil, and finding I had lighted a flame which would not easily be extinguished, I thought proper to retire and go back to Dunfermline. Here I learned my first trade of the many I have practiced.

I engaged myself to a master weaver and petty manufacturer. Besides learning to take drafts of patterns, etc., I used to cast his accounts: but one day he sent me to the bank to draw some money: on this I absconded with the money and went to Edinburgh.

He pursued me so closely, that, with the aid of the police, he apprehended me before I had time to spend it: to avoid punishment I gave him back the money all but seventeen shillings, and he, who was a good-natured man, wished me to go back to my place; but having borne a good name in the place until then, I thought shame to go back; so I went to Newcastle after borrowing of my late master 15s. for the journey.

At Newcastle I went into a chemist's shop for some cough-lozenges: now it happened that a woman in the shop asked for some medicine. I forget just now what it was, but the shop-boy took down the wrong; he took down a bottle containing camomile, I remember that—so I told the boy that he mistook the Latin term; this naturally attracted the master's attention, and he looked up and saw I was correct; so then he asked me several questions, and finding me fit for his purpose he took me into his service—and here for a long while all my sorrows were at an end: for I took a delight in studying my master's interests, and laying up knowledge.

He favored me with his instructions, and I enjoyed at times the company of his daughter, which was to me a comfort above all, and with whom I felt myself soon deep in love, and with her I spent many a happy hour after the business of the day was over, walking out in the evenings, while the moon with her bright and gentle rays gave to all things a delightful appearance, and seemed to lift up our minds to something above the groveling cares of Time—or we heard the plaintive notes of the nightingale breaking the silence of the night, and calling us to join him in his songs of praise to the God of Nature. But sweeter still than the voice of the nightingale was the voice of my companion, which was sweetest of all when its topic would run to that portion which forms the golden part of Cupid's dart.

In these innocent joys I spent four years.

But one unfortunate evening, having a drop too much at the time, I met Miss B. as usual, and opportunity and temptation unfortunately occurring, I was guilty of a felony that has always remained on my conscience more than any of those acts I have been guilty of which the law describes to be the highest crimes.

From that night our walks beneath the moon by the river-side were no longer innocent, and we were no longer happy.

Oh cursed night and place that robbed a virgin of her purity! and oh cursed Tyne, why did not thou overflow thy banks and drive me away?—if now thy fountain-spring was to pour out streams of flaming lava, it would not purge the disgrace out of thy dark banks; nay, if thy banks themselves were to become gold, they would not ransom the character lost on that night, nor restore the rest and quiet that now fled from my pillow.

Four months had scarce elapsed before I learned that consequences of a serious kind were to be expected.

I was in great perplexity: at last, taking a desperate course, I with much hesitation asked my master for his daughter's hand.

My master, who though a good-natured was a hasty man, turned black and red at the idea, but recovering himself soon he turned it off as a jest. I saw by this that he would never consent, and, dreading discovery, I got a friend of mine to write to me from Edinburgh that my sister lay at the point of death and begged to see me.

Showing this letter to my master, I got leave of absence and a present for the journey, with which I started, promising to return in a week, but with no such intention.

I arrived at Edinburgh, and found my sister, whom I had spoken of as dying, just on the eve of marriage. I was at the wedding, but the nuptial feast was no feast to me, for it only recalled the thoughts of my own guilt.

I now began the world again.

I went to Stirling and obtained a situation with a baker: but the work was much too hard for me, so I left him in two days, and took with me three pound ten shillings; was apprehended in Glasgow and got sixty days.

On receiving my liberty I enlisted in Her Majesty service and was marched on board the *Pique* frigate bound for the West Indies.

Here I remained until we got to Plymouth, where I made my escape, but was retaken in the town and brought back to the ship and put in irons on the spar-deck under cover of a tarpaulin—this was my prison till we reached St. Vincent: we anchored here for two days, and in the confusion of getting under weigh again I watched my opportunity, and having broken my padlock the day before, I stole into the captain's cabin, he being on deck, and took away a suit of his clothes, and dropped into the water; and the weather being calm, and I being an excellent swimmer, I swam alongside a brigantine that lay at anchor in the bay, and hailing her from the surface of the water, sang out "Hallo! are you short of hands?"

"We are," was the reply, "where do you hail from?"

"What has that to do with it?" said I. So they hauled me on board.

The master, finding I had been educated, sent me on shore to his brother who kept a store; and so now I was his shopman.

I lived with my new master: we used to come to the shop in the morning and go home at night. We lived a mile and a half out of the town in a pretty Gothic house, which stood in the middle of a delightful garden bordered by sugar-canes—in front of the house was an avenue of orange and lemon-trees mixed: their branches bent with the exuberance of the fruit; and the ground glittered with great shadocks and limes, that lay like lumps of gold, unheeded and rotting for abundance. The air too was filled with the scent of thousands of rich flowers that were scattered about, some by nature, some by the hand of man; in short, it was an earthly paradise, in which I might have ended my days if the demon of change had not filled my mind with the desire to behold once more my native country—stupid fool.

I set sail, and after a stormy passage reached the port of London.

I lodged in the Commercial Road till my money was nearly gone, and then I became disconsolate.

Wandering one day in the Ratcliffe Highway it was my luck to fall in with an old acquaintance, whom I had known through being in trouble together; he introduced me to a lodging-house keeper in the neighborhood, who, after a few words with my companion, told me "it was all right; we should find means of settling."

I went to bed, and when I wanted to get up, my clothes were stolen, with the few shillings I had left. Remonstrating with the landlord, he said, "Oh, it is a mistake;" and disappearing for a few minutes, during which I heard high words and a bit of a tussle, he returned with my clothes and money.

The next day seeing me very dull, and concluding by that I was ripe for business, he inquired the cause of my uneasiness.

I told him my last shilling was melting.

He laughed at this cause of trouble.

"You don't know," said he, "you are in the Mint."

"In the Mint?" said I.

"Yes!" was his reply; "in the Mint my boy;" and with that he took up a chisel and went to the chimney and carefully removed a loose brick, and took out of the gap a tin box: he opened the box, and coins of every sort in profusion flashed upon my bewildered eyes—and not only coins, but dies and metal of all sorts for making them.

"Now," said Crœsus, "having gone so far, you must take the oath at once."

Four men and four females were then summoned, and standing in the middle of them I took a solemn oath to this effect:

> "I hereby swear never to tell any one how to make 'shoffle' nor where I learned it, nor yet to use any kind of language that may lead to the same, upon pain of death."

Here followed imprecations upon my eyes and limbs, if broken, such as are used among freemasons, etc., but not being fit for your ears, I suppress that part.

The next process was to go and change a base sovereign, which I did accordingly, returning with nineteen and sixpence, and of which sixpence went for the gin.

Behold me now a shoffle-pitcher. But it was never my way to remain at the bottom of any business that I found worth studying. I therefore in the course of six months learned to coin first a shilling, then a sovereign, then the most difficult of all, a crown; and last of all to make the moulds for each of these coins; and as soon as I found I could make a mould for a crown, I dissolved partnership, and went to Gravesend on my own bottom.

You will blame me less for this revolt if I tell you the terms on which we worked with him whom I have called Crœsus, and his name did begin with a C.

He had the half of every coin we uttered—he had the cost of the metal besides, and the half of every article purchased in the process of uttering. Now this was not fair; at least I think not, because he did not share the risk.

I pitched on my own account about a month; then finding the trade stale, and having once or twice narrowly missed being apprehended, I returned to London and betook myself to the diligent study of house-breaking. I learned from a master how to make false keys—and having money by me and courting the company of the best cracksmen, and listening to all they said with respect and attention, I attracted notice, and was made a member of the body, and soon after permitted to take part in a job. It was a doctor's shop in the Commercial Road, and my share came to £50. And this was only the first of many transactions of the kind.

And as it becomes every one that is in a business to master it if possible, I will tell you how I attended to mine, trusting you will not make it generally public, as it is not considered honorable among us to reveal the secrets of business.

Now as the chief work of practitioners in our line is to find out where the money or valuables are kept, this was my plan:

If it was a shop, I would go in and buy something, give the shopman a sovereign and notice where he put it, and from whence he took the change, and at the same time how the door was fastened, whether with a lock or bar, or while my pal (for we always went in pairs) was engaging the shopman, I would take the dimensions of the same.

Or if it was a dwelling-house, I would go and present the mistress with a card stating I was a china or glass-mender, a French-polisher, a teacher of music or dancing; and try every move to get admittance into the parlor, and then you may be sure my eyes were not shut.

Or else I would go and offer the servant some article for sale as a hawker, and would chaff and flatter her, and so perhaps get a notion where the plate was kept, and the next week come and fetch it away.

In the course of a few weeks I had collected somewhere about one hundred pounds in money and valuables, and finding the police had scent of me, I left London and went down by the Leith smack to Edinburgh.

Here I visited my friends and passed myself off in their society for a thriving tradesman.

I also sent some money to Miss B., not that money could repay the injury I had done her, but still it would make her friends more civil to see that she wanted for nothing.

If my real character had not got wind in Newcastle, I think at this time they would have let me marry her; and I think, bad as I am, I should have mended for her sake, for she was the only woman I ever really loved.

It is an old saying, that "the money which comes by the wind goes by the water."

I have made thousands, but never could keep so much as a £5 note.

In about a month nearly all my money was melted, and I set out on a cruise again.

Falling into some of my old haunts in Yorkshire I met with a friend who manufactured base coin, and, having passed a quantity of this and being now at my ease, I determined to study a new profession.

I therefore secluded myself from all my idle companions, took a quiet lodging, bought several medical books, and studied the human frame and the disorders to which it is subject.

I studied night and day with the same diligence I had given to coining, house-breaking, and my other professions.

In about a month I considered myself fit to start, which I accordingly did with as much pomp as I could command, having seen how far that goes toward success in the learned professions.

I engaged a servant with a handsome livery to deliver my bills at the most respectable doors, and attend upon me when I addressed the public.

I had a thousand bills printed representing myself as Dr. Scott from Edinburgh, and I furnished myself with testimonials from respectable parties; I mean that would have been, but who in point of fact had no existence: and printed them at the foot of my bills.

My plan was, on entering a town, first to go for the more respectable customers by putting up at a good inn, making friends with the landlord, and sending my footman round with my bills—but before leaving I used to appear in my true colors as an itinerant quack.

In this capacity I used to harangue the people and sell my drugs.

In my public discourses I always ran down the regular practitioner, as we are all obliged to do, and the plan I used to follow was cool irony—I found this went farther than pretending to get into a heat.

Unlike most quacks I did not apply one or two remedies to every disorder, and I met with wonderful success, especially with the women: partly I think because with them imagination goes far, and my patter inspired them with more confidence than the regular doctors could, not having the gift of the gab.

While traveling as a doctor I never would accept money from any of my patients until the disease, whatever it might be, took a turn for the better; and even then my charges were always low: but to make up I did pass a deal of base coin wherever I traveled.

The following were some of my most remarkable cures:

The landlady of a public-house at York of a dysentery.

At Wakefield I reduced an imposthume which the proprietor was going to have cut, if it had not been for me.

At Hull I actually cured a respectable woman of a cataract, and was praised in the public journals.

These, and a hundred ordinary cures, are the benefits I rendered the public in return for the many wrongs I have done it.

I had been practicing pharmacy some three months; when one day I received a letter from Newcastle.

It was from Miss B.'s uncle telling me I might visit her now.

The letter was very short, and there was something about it I did not understand; so that, instead of filling me with delight as such a letter would a while ago, I set out for Newcastle flush of cash but full of perplexity.

I reached Newcastle, and lest her friends should have changed their mind again, and receive me with an affront, I went to an ale-house convenient to her residence, and sent for her younger brother, who had never been so much against me as the others.

He came directly, and I began to put a dozen questions to him: but he maintained silence: he hung his head and said, "Don't ask me—you will soon know—and since you are here, come without loss of time," and he led the way in gloomy silence.

I was taken into the house and after some little delay was allowed to go up into her room—I shall never forget it.

Her cheeks, that used to be like two roses, were now pale and ghastly, and her beaming eyes were dull and sunk in her head; only her voice and her smile were as sweet as ever.

Her first word was, "I have only waited for this—" then she stretched out her hand and thanked me in a sweet and composed tone of voice "for coming to perform the last part of a husband's duty;" but here her feelings overcame her and the poor thing burst into a flood of tears, and I fell on my knees and sobbed and cried with her, and her relations somehow felt that they were not to come between us any more now, and they looked at one another and left the room without any noise, and we were alone a little while.

And then I kneeled down again and prayed her to forgive the injury I had done her person and character—and then she answered like a woman that she was to blame and not I—and this answer from her, and she dying, went through me like a knife, and I prayed to die for her, or at least to die with her; and bursting into unmanly and useless grief, and groveling in anguish and remorse upon the floor, some of them came in and interfered for her sake, and very properly led me away—and not in an unkind manner, for which may God bless them any way.

I hope you may never feel as I did—I had no acute sense of grief or pain—bodily or mental pain would have been a relief—I felt dead—my body seemed dead, my heart seemed dead.

I crawled to my inn, and crawled into bed, and lay sleepless but motionless till daybreak. Then I rose and went down to the river-side and walked up and down—and at about nine, when I thought the family would be up, I went to the house.

The moment I came in sight of the house, I saw all the shutters were up. But it gave me scarcely any shock, for I was stone, and I seemed to know before this that all was over.

They wished me to see her, but I was unable then—but the day before she was buried I took a last look at her—it did not seem to be her but only some shell or frame she had once inhabited—now a ruinous heap of corruption: and that is an awful word.

Is it a castle?—there was a time when the heart of the bold soldier burned with ardor to defend it.

Is it a senate?—there was a time when the loud applause of eloquence thundered from its roof—

Or is it a temple?—there was a time when the white-stoled priest called down the fire from heaven to bless the sacrifice.

But here is a temple, one not made with hands, the architecture of which is too sublime for our minds to conceive—a temple that was erected to be the seat of its Maker, one in which dwelt not only the image but the spirit of its Creator: let me ask, then, why was it thus left desolate, and whither has its tenant gone?

Tell me, ye seas, whose waves roll and ripple at our feet or thunder on our vessels—tell me, have ye seen the airy stranger float along your surface, and whither has it winged its way?

Tell me, ye winds, harpers of the mountain forest; methinks ye could; for there are times ye whisper gently and seem as if ye were holding communion with departed spirits; tell me, have ye seen this airy stranger, and whither has she gone? Tell me, ye dazzling worlds that perform your regular but mystic dance upon the airy surface; tell me, have ye seen this airy stranger wing her way through your aerial canopy, and whither has it gone?

Such thoughts as these followed the first anguish at losing her, and to all these inquiries one answer seemed to come back to me from all Creation—

"The body returns to the dust, and the soul to God who gave it."

And when I compared this answer with my own conduct, I felt I was far behind: and over my poor sweet-heart's grave I vowed to amend my life—that one day I might hope to meet her again. The first three days after the funeral I tried in every direction for an honest situation.

The fourth I fell from all my good resolutions.

In my despair I had recourse to drink, and was undone. I was drunk for a whole week, and by the end of that time was penniless.

Let mankind take warning by my fate, and not fancy the habit of drink can be formed with safety. Up to this time, though like all the world I had wasted a large portion of my gains upon drink, yet I had never gone at it like a madman. But what of that? the habit was formed, it was there waiting like a lion for its prey, waiting for a great opportunity—one came—I was in despair—my appetite was gone, and drink comforted my stomach: my heart was dead, and drink made it beat. I had recourse to this solace, and became a beast. As I said before, for a whole week I was never not to say sober.

No man and no woman is safe that has once formed the fatal habit of looking to drink for solace—or cheerfulness—or comfort. While the world goes well they will likely be temperate: but the habit is built, the railroad to destruction is cut ready for use, the trains are laid down, and the station-houses erected; and the train is on the line waiting only for the locomotive. Well, the first great trouble or hopeless grief is the locomotive: it comes to us, it grapples us, and away we go in a moment down the line we have been years constructing, like a flash of lightning, to the devil.

I woke one afternoon sober and penniless.

From drunkenness to thieving is not a very wide leap even to those who are beginning an evil career—to me it was no more than crossing a gutter. I pawned my watch and got on board the steamer for London, and back to my old haunts.

I soon fell in with an old pal and borrowed £10 of him, and began first to pass and after that to coin "shoffle;" and, when that was not quick work enough, took to house-breaking and shop-lifting again.

But in the early part of this chapter of my career, having very little cash, for part of the £10 went for clothes, I was obliged to be moderate in my expenses, and I accordingly spent a week in a lodging-house kept by an old friend of mine, which I will try to describe.

The house itself is divided into two separate compartments besides the bedchambers.

The first or state apartment is for professional thieves.

The back-room is for those street trades that lie between thieving and commerce.

My friend ushered me in here, and there were more than a score of them all gazing with their mouths open at the new-comer—all engaged at various labors, and talking a dozen different branches of cant.

Some were making mats—some arranging articles for sale in their baskets or on their trays—some making matches—the "askers" selling their begged bread at three halfpence the pound—another tuning up his fiddle—the whole lot comparing notes to the detriment of the public—the beggar telling the match-maker at what house they gave him meat or money—the hawker and mat-maker exchanging the same sort of profitable information, by which many an easy-going gentleman, that thinks himself obscure, gets his habits published among the dregs of society, and perhaps a nickname tacked on to him, and more people knowing him by it than know him by his own.

Then there was the "buzzer" practicing his necromancy—presently in came a "sneaker" with half a firkin of butter for sale at 4*d.* per pound—on which the women fell to abusing their men because they had not enough money to buy ten or twelve pounds—children crying—and all in a mighty way because the fountain is not boiling.

In the corner was a handsome young female evidently a stranger, biting the end of her apron-string, her mind not being able to comprehend the fullness of the scene.

"Here is a sweet-heart for you and all," said my friend. "She is waiting for her husband to come back," added he, winking to me.

Her husband, as she had called the man who had enticed her from her friends, never came back, and indeed nobody except herself ever thought he would.

Then to amuse her mind I requested her to go an errand for me—she agreed—I gave her a base sovereign and sent her to buy groceries, which when she had done I invited her to take tea with me, and over our tea she told me her story without reserve.

Finding she was a decent girl, and apparently had never made but this one slip, I determined to enter into partnership with her if she would consent.

Strange as it may appear I felt the want of a female companion now in a way I never had until Miss B.'s death. I believe my nerves were shaken by that sad event, and I began to want to see a woman's face opposite me, and to hear the soft notes of a female voice.

Three days after our first meeting we were married according to the custom of the house—*i. e.*, a traveler dressed in a white sheet with holes cut for his arms read a few sentences of the marriage-service to us—he then drew a line on the floor with a piece of chalk and made us leap over it in succession while he recited in a solemn voice the following:

"Leap rogue, and follow jade,
Man and wife for ever more."

Which concluded the ceremony, and we were man and wife in the eyes of all the lodgers, unless we should agree to be untied, which could only be done by the same party or his successor, and with other ceremonies, and above all—fees! We soon left this house and set up a lodging of our own. She made me very comfortable when I was at home, and I let her want for nothing.

I lived nearly three years in London this bout, and, owing to the company I kept, I got the cockney phrase and twang, so that I fear I will never entirely get rid of them. Indeed I am commonly taken for a cockney, which is a sad disgrace to a man born north of the Tweed.

At the end of this time my wife's friends sent to beg her to come home, which she asked my leave to do—I consented, and we were untied and parted with mutual expressions of esteem. Finding London rather dull after she was gone, I agreed to join a gang of us that were about to make a provincial trip.

We went to Mortimer, a village in Berkshire—the scene of our business was Reading and its neighborhood—we committed some very daring robberies in Reading and Caversham that will not soon be forgotten.

We broke into one house in Reading in open day—it was Sunday, and the whole family were gone to church—we rifled the house and left a paper on the table, on which, I am ashamed to tell you, I wrote—

"Watch as well as pray!!"

But this could not last forever. I had been out fishing all day (a sport I am very fond of) when returning toward dusk I saw a strange face at one of the windows of our house.

Not quite understanding this, I turned back and went a mile round, to where I could see the back of the house without being recognized—and my caution was not wasted.

I soon found that the house was in the possession of the police, and that all or most of my comrades were nabbed.

Having some money about me I decamped, and returning to town found two of my companions about to start for California, dazzled by the accounts we heard of the fortunes made there by digging and levying the road-side tax on those who dug.

I joined them, and after a voyage of six months we landed at San Francisco.

I will abstain from relating my adventures in the New World; in fact, they would of themselves fill a volume: suffice it to say, I had at one time twelve hundred pounds in money and gold dust; but I wasted the greater part, and by a just retribution was robbed of the rest.

I returned to London with £10 and a nugget, which I sold for £25 in Threadneedle Street.

And now, not liking the smoke of London, after one or two successful jobs which swelled my stock to a matter of £60, I bought some new clothes, and went down to Reading; but not thinking it prudent to remain there long, I crossed the river and went into Oxfordshire.

I heard of a farmer who sometimes took a lodger, and as I was well dressed and he too honest to be suspicious, we soon came to terms.

The farmer was George Fielding. I never met with such a character as his: he did not seem to know any thing about lying, far less taking any thing without paying for it.

When I first lodged with him I had of course an eye to business, but I got so fond of him I could not take any thing of his—and he was attached to me too, until one unlucky day he found out my real character; and then he insulted me—and now he despises me.

I spent four innocent months here, and I often thought if I could have such an honest man as George Fielding always close to my side all day, I could keep from taking any thing all the rest of my life—but unluckily my money gradually melted; in which state I went to a fair in the neighborhood—I saw a rich farmer take out some notes and make a payment, and put the rest back into a side-pocket; almost before it reached the bottom of his pocket it was in mine.

The country banks close at three o'clock, and it was near four at the time; I got rid, therefore, of the Bank of England notes, meaning to change the others when a good opportunity should occur.

But meantime I suppose measures were taken against me—any way the police came down from London, and I was seized, identified, and put to an open shame.

This, the last passage of my life, went nearer to drive me to despair than all the rest; for I had begun to taste the sweets of innocence, and to love honesty under the name of George Fielding.

I was convicted at the assizes, and being recognized as having been seven times in prison, and notoriously guilty of many felonies besides, they sentenced me to twelve months' imprisonment and transportation for ten years.

I have been six months in this jail, where I have met with most cruel treatment, being forced to labor beyond my strength even when weakened by sickness; and punished for mere inability: and, besides the harm this wrought my body, it hardened my heart and made me look on mankind as my enemy.

Well, Sir, when I look back upon my past life, of which what I have written here is no more than a single page out of volumes and volumes—when I think of the many opportunities I have had of doing good to myself and others, and then think of how it all ends—a convicted felon, doomed to pass the remainder of my life in shame and exile, debarred from situations where I could execute my talents, and felon printed upon me, I am whiles tempted to put the gas-pipe that is in my cell into my mouth, and suck the poisonous vapor into my lungs, and thus with crime to end a life of crime. But then your face, Mr. Chaplain, rises up before me and expostulates with a look, and bids me be patient and hope—also your words, that I ought to be thankful to God for his mercy in giving me time to reflect on the enormity of my crimes, and not cutting me down as a cumberer of the ground.

But, above all, I feel it would be ungrateful to you, and grieve you, if I was to make away with myself under your eye; or even to despair.

I will try my best to be somebody yet, if only for your sake; for it is a shame a gentleman like you should give his days and his nights, and all the blood in his heart, to saving us poor fellows from perdition, and be continually disappointed.

So once more thanking you for all kindness, and for setting me to write this, which has amused and whiled away some weary hours, and begging you to excuse all faults and blunders, for in my busy life writing is an art I have had no time to give my mind to, I close this record of the disgraceful past, and, here in my cell, envying the cripple round whom the free air plays and on whom the sun shines, I await the gloomy future.

THOMAS *
—*alias* WILKINSON.
—*alias* LYON.
—*alias* M'PHERSON.
—*alias* SCOTT.
—*alias* HOWARD.
—*alias* ROBINSON.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

BOOK VI.—CHAPTER I.

Being an Address to the Reader.

SEEING the length to which this Work has already run, and the space it must yet occupy in the columns of Maga, it is but fair to the Reader to correct any inconsiderate notion that the Author does not know "what he will do with it." Learn, then, O friendly reader, that no matter the number of months through which it may glide its way to thine eyes—learn that with the single exception of the chapter now respectfully addressed to thee, THE WHOLE OF THIS WORK HAS BEEN LONG SINCE COMPLETED AND TRANSFERRED FROM THE DESK OF THE AUTHOR TO THE HANDS OF THE PUBLISHER.

On the 22d of January last—let the day be marked with a white stone!—the Author's labors were brought to a close, and "What he will do with it" is no longer a secret—at least to the Editor of Maga.

May this information establish, throughout the rest of the journey to be traveled together, that tacit confidence between Author and Reader which is so important to mutual satisfaction!

Firstly.—The Reader may thus have the complaisance to look at each installment as the component portion of a completed whole; comprehending that it can not be within the scope of the Author's design to aim at a separate effect for each separate Number; but rather to carry on through each Number the effect which he deems most appropriate to his composition when regarded as a whole. And here may it be permitted to dispel an erroneous idea which, to judge by current criticism, appears to be sufficiently prevalent to justify the egotism of comment. It seems to be supposed that, because this work is published from month to month in successive installments, therefore it is written from month to month, as a newspaper article may be dashed off from day to day. Such a supposition is adverse to all the principles by which works that necessitate integrity of plan, and a certain harmony of proportion, are constructed; more especially those works which aim at artistic representations of human life; for, in human life, we must presume that nothing is left to chance, and chance must be no less rigidly banished from the art by which human life is depicted. That art admits no haphazard chapters, no uncertainty as to the consequences that must ensue from the incidents it decides on selecting. Would the artist, on after-thought, alter a consequence, he must reconsider the whole chain-work of incident which led to one inevitable result, and which would be wholly defective if it could be made to lead to another. Hence, a work of this kind can not be written *currente calamo*, from month to month; the entire design must be broadly set forth before the first page goes to press; and large sections of the whole must be always completed in advance, in order to allow time for deliberate forethought, and fair opportunity for such revisions, as an architect, having prepared all his plans, must still admit to his building, should difficulties, not foreseen, sharpen the invention to render each variation in detail an improvement consistent to the original design.

Secondly.—May the Reader—accepting this profession of the principles by which is constructed the history that invites his attention, and receiving now the assurance that the Work is actually passed out of the Author's hands, is as much a thing done and settled as any book composed by him twenty years ago—banish all fear lest each Number should depend for its average merit on accidental circumstances—such as impatient haste, or varying humor, or capricious health, or the demand of more absorbing and practical pursuits, in which, during a considerable portion of the year, it has long been the Author's lot to be actively engaged. Certes, albeit in the course of his life he has got through a reasonable degree of labor, and has habitually relied on application to supply his defects in genius; yet to do one thing at a time is the practical rule of those by whom, in the course of time, many things have been accomplished. And accordingly a work, even so trivial as this may be deemed, is not composed in the turmoil of metropolitan life, nor when other occupations demand attention, but in the quiet leisure of rural shades, and in those portions of the year which fellow-workmen devote to relaxation and amusement. For even in holidays, something of a holiday-task adds a zest to the hours of ease.

Lastly.—Since this survey of our modern world requires a large and a crowded canvas, and would be incomplete did it not intimate those points of contact in which the private touches the public life of Social Man, so it is well that the Reader should fully understand that all reference to such grand events, as political "crises" and changes of Government, were written many months ago, and have no reference whatever to the actual occurrences of the passing day. Holding it, indeed, a golden maxim that practical politics and ideal art should be kept wholly distinct from each other, and seeking in this Narrative to write that which may be read with unembittered and impartial pleasure by all classes and all parties—nay, perchance, in years to come, by the children of those whom he now addresses—the Author deems it indispensable to such ambition to preserve the neutral ground of imaginative creation, not only free from those personal portraitures which are fatal to comprehensive and typical delineations of character, but from all intentional appeals to an interest which can be but momentary, if given to subjects that best befit the leading articles of political journals. His realm, if it hope to endure, is in the conditions, the humors, the passions by which one general phase of society stands forth in the broad light of our common human nature, never to be cast aside, as obsolete and out of fashion, "into the portion of weeds and worn-out faces."

Reader! this exordium is intended, by way of preface to that more important division of this work, in which the one-half the circle rounds itself slowly on to complete the whole. Forgive the exordium; for, rightly considered, it is but an act of deference to thee. Didst thou ever reflect, O Reader! on what thou art to an Author? Art thou aware of the character of dignity and power with which he invests thee? To thee the Author is but an unit in the great sum of intellectual existence. To, the Author, thou, O Reader! art the collective representative of a multifarious abiding audience. To thee the Author is but the machine, more or less defective, that throws off a kind of work usually so ephemeral that seldom wilt thou even pause to examine why it please or displease, for a day, the taste that may change with the morrow. But to him, the Author, thou art, O Reader! a confidant and a friend, often nearer and dearer than any one else in the world. All other friends are mortal as himself; they can but survive for a few years the dust he must yield to the grave. But there, in his eye, aloof and aloft forever, stands the Reader, more and more his friend as Time rolls on. 'Tis to thee that he leaves his grandest human bequest, his memory and his name. If secretly he deem himself not appreciated in his own generation, he hugs the belief, often chimerical and vain, but ever sweet and consoling, that in some generation afar awaits the Reader destined at last to do him justice. With thee, the Author is, of all men, he to whom old age comes the soonest. How quickly thou hastenest to say, "Not what he was! Vigor is waning—invention is flagging—past is his day—push him aside, and make room for the Fresh and the New." But the Author never admits that old age can fall on the Reader. The Reader to him is a being in whom youth is renewed through all cycles. Leaning on his crutch, the Author still walks by the side of that friendly Shadow as he walked on summer eves, with a school-friend of boyhood—talking of the future with artless, hopeful lips! Dreams he that a day may come when he will have no Reader! O school-boy! dost thou ever dream that a day may come when thou wilt have no friend?

CHAPTER II.

Etchings of Hyde Park in the month of June, which, if this History escapes those villains the trunk-makers, may be of inestimable value to unborn antiquarians.—Characters, long absent, reappear and give some account of themselves.

FIVE years have passed away since this History opened. It is the month of June, once more—June, which clothes our London in all its glory; fills its languid ball-rooms with living flowers, and its stony causeways with human butterflies. It is about the hour of 6 P.M. The lounge in Hyde Park is crowded; along the road that skirts the Serpentine crawl the carriages one after the other; congregate, by the rails, the lazy lookers-on—lazy in attitude, but with active eyes, and tongues sharpened on the whetstone of scandal; the Scaligers of Club windows airing their vocabulary in the Park. Slowly saunter on foot-idlers of all degrees in the hierarchy of London *idlesse;* dandies of established fame—youthful tyros in their first season. Yonder, in the Ride, forms less inanimate seem condemned to active exercise; young ladies doing penance in a canter; old beaux at hard labor in a trot. Sometimes, by a more thoughtful brow, a still brisker pace, you recognize a busy member of the Imperial Parliament, who, advised by physicians to be as much on horseback as possible, snatches an hour or so in the interval between the close of his Committee and the interest of the Debate, and shirks the opening speech of a well known bore. Among such truant lawgivers (grief it is to say it) may be seen that once model member, Sir Jasper Stollhead. Grim dyspepsia seizing on him at last, "relaxation from his duties" becomes the adequate punishment for all his sins.

Solitary he rides, and, communing with himself, yawns at every second. Upon chairs, beneficently located under the trees toward the north side of the walk, are interspersed small knots and coteries in repose. There, you might see the Ladies Prymme, still the Ladies Prymme—Janet and Wilhelmina; Janet has grown fat, Wilhelmina thin. But thin or fat, they are no less Prymmes. They do not lack male attendants; they are girls of high fashion, with whom young men think it a distinction to be seen talking; of high principle, too, and high pretensions (unhappily for themselves they are coheiresses), by whom young men under the rank of earls need not fear to be artfully entrapped into "honorable intentions." They coquet majestically, but they never flirt; they exact devotion, but they do not ask in each victim a sacrifice on the horns of the altar; they will never give their hands where they do not give their hearts; and being ever afraid that they are courted for their money, they will never give their hearts save to wooers who have much more money than themselves. Many young men stop to do passing homage to the Ladies

Prymme; some linger to converse—safe young men, they are all younger sons. Farther on, Lady Frost and Mr. Crampe the wit, sit amicably side by side, pecking at each other with sarcastic beaks; occasionally desisting, to fasten nip and claw upon that common enemy, the passing friend! The Slowes, a numerous family, but taciturn, sit by themselves—bowed to much; accosted rarely.

Note that man of good presence, somewhere about thirty, or a year or two more, who, recognized by most of the loungers, seems not at home in the lounge. He has passed by the various coteries just described, made his obeisance to the Ladies Prymme, received an icy epigram from Lady Frost, and a laconic sneer from Mr. Crampe, and exchanged silent bows with seven silent Slowes. He has wandered on, looking high in the air, but still looking for some one, not in the air, and, evidently disappointed in his search, comes to a full stop at length, takes off his hat, wipes his brow, utters a petulant "Prr—r—pshw!" and seeing, a little in the background, the chairless shade of a thin, emaciated, dusty tree, thither he retires, and seats himself with as little care whether there to seat himself be the right thing in the right place, as if in the honey-suckle arbor of a village inn. "It serves me right," said he, to himself, "a precocious villain bursts in upon me, breaks my day, makes an appointment to meet here, in these very walks, ten minutes before six; decoys me with the promise of a dinner at Putney—room looking on the river, and fried flounders. I have the credulity to yield; I derange my habits—I leave my cool studio; I put off my easy blouse; I imprison my free-born throat in a cravat invented by the Thugs; the dog-days are at hand, and I walk rashly over scorching pavements in a black frock-coat, and a brimless hat; I annihilate 3*s.* 6*d.* in a pair of kid gloves; I arrive at this haunt of spleen; I run the gauntlet of Frosts, Slowes, and Prymmes;—and my traitor fails me! Half past six—not a sign of him! and the dinner at Putney—fried flounders? Dreams! Patience, five minutes more; if then he comes not—breach for life between him and me! Ah, *voilà!* there he comes, the laggard! But how those fine folks are catching at him! Has he asked them also to dinner at Putney, and do *they* care for fried flounders?"

The soliloquist's eye is on a young man, much younger than himself, who is threading the motley crowd with a light quick step, but is compelled to stop at each moment to interchange a word of welcome, a shake of the hand. Evidently he has already a large acquaintance; evidently he is popular, on good terms with the world and himself. What free grace in his bearing! what gay good-humor in his smile! Powers above! Lady Wilhelmina surely blushes as she returns his bow. He has passed Lady Frost unblighted; the Slowes evince emotion, at least the female Slowes, as he shoots by them with that sliding bow. He looks from side to side, with a rapid glance of an eye in which light seems all dance and sparkle; he sees the soliloquist under the meagre tree—the pace quickens, the lips part, half laughing.

"Don't scold, Vance. I am late, I know; but I did not make allowance for interceptions."

"Body o' me, interceptions! For an absentee just arrived in London, you seem to have no lack of friends."

"Friends made in Paris, and found again here at every corner, like pleasant surprises. But no friend so welcome, and dear, as Frank Vance."

"Sensible of the honor, O Lionello the magnificent. Verily you are *bon Prince!* The Houses of Valois and of Medici were always kind to artists. But whither would you lead me? Back into that tread-mill? Thank you, humbly; no. A crowd in fine clothes is of all mobs the dullest. I can look undismayed on the many-headed monster, wild and rampant; but when the many-headed monster buys its hats in Bond Street, and has an eye-glass at each of its inquisitive eyes, I confess I take fright. Besides, it is near seven o'clock; Putney not visible, and the flounders not fried!"

"My cab is waiting yonder; we must walk to it—we can keep on the turf, and avoid the throng. But tell me honestly, Vance, do you really dislike to mix in crowds—you, with your fame, dislike the eyes that turn back to look again, and the lips that respectfully murmur, 'Vance, the Painter?' Ah, I always said you would be a great painter. And in five short years you have soared high."

"Pooh;" answered Vance, indifferently. "Nothing is pure and unadulterated in London use; not cream, nor cayenne pepper—least of all, Fame; mixed up with the most deleterious ingredients. Fame! did you read the *Times'* critique on my pictures in the present Exhibition? Fame, indeed! Change the subject. Nothing so good as flounders. Ho! is that your cab? Superb! Car fit for the 'Grecian youth of talents rare,' in Mr. Enfield's *Speaker;* horse that seems conjured out of the Elgin marbles. Is he quiet?"

"Not very; but trust to my driving. You may well admire the horse—present from Darrell, chosen by Colonel Morley."

When the young men had settled themselves in the vehicle, Lionel dismissed his groom, and, touching his horse, the animal trotted out briskly.

"Frank," said Lionel, shaking his dark curls with a petulant gravity, "Your cynical definitions are unworthy that masculine beard. You despise fame! what sheer affectation!

"Pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat; metaque fervidis
Evitata rotis——."

"Take care," cried Vance; "we shall be over." For Lionel, growing excited, teased the horse with his whip; and the horse bolting, took the cab within an inch of a water-cart.

"Fame, Fame!" cried Lionel, unheeding the interruption. "What would I not give to have and to hold it for an hour!"

"Hold an eel, less slippery; a scorpion, less stinging! But—" added Vance, observing his companion's heightened color. "But," he added seriously, and with an honest compunction, "I forgot, you are a soldier, you follow the career of arms! Never heed what is said on the subject by a querulous painter! The desire of fame may be folly in civilians, in soldiers it is wisdom. Twin-born with the martial sense of honor, it cheers the march, it warms the bivouac; it gives music to the whirr of the bullet, the roar of the ball; it plants hope in the thick of peril; knits rivals with the bond of brothers; comforts the survivor when the brother falls; takes from war its grim aspect of carnage; and from homicide itself extracts lessons that strengthen the safeguards to humanity, and perpetuate life to nations. Right—pant for fame; you are a soldier!"

This was one of those bursts of high sentiment from Vance, which, as they were very rare with him, had the dramatic effect of surprise. Lionel listened to him with a thrilling delight. He could not answer, he was too moved. The artist resumed, as the cabriolet now cleared the Park, and rolled safely and rapidly along the road. "I suppose, during the five years you have spent abroad, completing your general education, you have made little study, or none, of what specially appertains to the profession you have so recently chosen."

"You are mistaken there, my dear Vance. If a man's heart be set on a thing, he is always studying it. The books I loved best, and most pondered over, were such as, if they did not administer lessons, suggested hints that might turn to lessons hereafter. In social intercourse, I never was so pleased as when I could fasten myself to some practical veteran—question and cross-examine him. One picks up more ideas in conversation than from books; at least I do. Besides, my idea of a soldier who is to succeed some day, is not that of a mere mechanician at arms. See how accomplished most great captains have been. What observers of mankind!—What diplomatists—what reasoners! what men of action, because men to whom reflection had been habitual before they acted! How many stores of idea must have gone to the judgment which hazards the sortie, or decides on the retreat!"

"Gently, gently!" cried Vance. "We shall be into that omnibus! Give me the whip—do; there—a little more to the left—so. Yes; I am glad to see such enthusiasm in your profession—'tis half the battle. Hazlitt said a capital thing, 'the 'prentice who does not consider the Lord Mayor in his gilt coach the greatest man in the world will live to be hanged!'"

"Pish!" said Lionel, catching at the whip.

Vance (holding it back). "No. I apologize instead. I retract the Lord Mayor; comparisons are odious. I agree with you, nothing like leather—I mean nothing like a really great soldier—Hannibal, and so forth. Cherish that conviction, my boy; meanwhile, respect human life—there is another omnibus!"

The danger past, the artist thought it prudent to divert the conversation into some channel less exciting.

"Mr. Darrell, of course, consents to your choice of a profession?"

"Consents—approves, encourages. Wrote me such a beautiful letter—what a comprehensive intelligence that man has!"

"Necessarily; since he agrees with you. Where is he now?"

"I have no notion; it is some months since I heard from him. He was then at Malta, on his return from Asia Minor."

"So! you have never seen him since he bade you farewell at his old Manor-House?"

"Never. He has not, I believe, been in England."

"Nor in Paris, where you seem to have chiefly resided?"

"Nor in Paris. Ah, Vance, could I but be of some comfort to him! Now that I am older, I think I understand in him much that perplexed me as a boy, when we parted. Darrell is one of those men who require a home. Between the great world and solitude, he needs the intermediate filling up which the life domestic alone supplies: a wife to realize the sweet word helpmate—children, with whose future he could knit his own toils and his ancestral remembrances. That intermediate space annihilated, the great world and the solitude are left, each frowning on the other."

"My dear Lionel, you must have lived with very clever people; you are talking far above your years."

"Am I? True, I have lived, if not with very clever people, with people far above my years. That is a secret I learned from Colonel Morley, to whom I must present you—the subtlest intellect under the quietest manner. Once he said to me, 'Would you throughout life be up to the height of your century—always in the prime of man's reason—without crudeness and without decline—live habitually, while young, with persons older, and, when old, with persons younger than yourself.'"

"Shrewdly said, indeed. I felicitate you on the evident result of the maxim. And so Darrell has no home; no wife, and no children?"

"He has long been a widower; he lost his only son in boyhood, and his daughter—did you never hear?"

"No—what—?"

"Married so ill—a runaway match—and died many years since, without issue."

"Poor man! It was these afflictions, then, that soured his life, and made him the hermit or the wanderer?"

"There," said Lionel, "I am puzzled; for I find that even after his son's death and his daughter's unhappy marriage and estrangement from him, he was still in Parliament, and in full activity of career. But certainly he did not long keep it up. It might have been an effort to which, strong as he is, he felt himself unequal; or, might he have known some fresh disappointment, some new sorrow which the world never guesses? what I have said as to his family afflictions the world knows. But I think he will marry again. That idea seemed strong in his own mind when we parted; he brought it out bluntly, roughly. Colonel Morley is convinced that he will marry, if but for the sake of an heir."

Vance. "And if so, my poor Lionel, you are ousted of—"

Lionel (quickly interrupting). "Hush! Do not say, my dear Vance, do not *you* say—you!—one of those low, mean things which, if said to me even by men for whom I have no esteem, make my ears tingle and my cheek blush. When I think of what Darrell has already done for me—me who have no claim on him—it seems to me as if I must hate the man who insinuates, 'Fear lest your benefactor find a smile at his own hearth, a child of his own blood—for you may be richer at his death in proportion as his life is desolate.'"

Vance. "You are a fine young fellow, and I beg your pardon. Take care of that milestone—thank you. But I suspect that at least two-thirds of those friendly hands that detained you on the way to me, were stretched out less to Lionel Haughton—a Cornet in the Guards—than to Mr. Darrell's heir-presumptive."

Lionel. "That thought sometimes galls me, but it does me good; for it goads on my desire to make myself some one whom the most worldly would not disdain to know for his own sake. Oh for active service!—Oh for a sharp campaign!—Oh for fair trial how far a man in earnest can grapple Fortune to his breast with his own strong hands! You have done so, Vance; you had but your genius and your painter's brush. I have no genius, but I have resolve, and resolve is perhaps as sure of its ends as genius. Genius and Resolve have three grand elements in common—Patience, Hope, Concentration."

Vance, more and more surprised, looked hard at Lionel, without speaking. Five years of that critical age, from seventeen to twenty-two, spent in the great capital of Europe—kept from its more dangerous vices partly by a proud sense of personal dignity, partly by a temperament which, regarding love as an ideal for all tender and sublime emotion, recoiled from low profligacy as being to Love what the Yahoo of the mocking satirist was to Man—absorbed much by the brooding ambition that takes youth out of the frivolous present into the serious future, and seeking companionship, not with contemporary idlers, but with the highest and maturest intellects that the free commonwealth of good society brought within his reach—Five years so spent had developed a boy, nursing noble dreams, into a man fit for noble action—retaining freshest youth in its enthusiasm, its elevation of sentiment, its daring, its energy, and divine credulity in its own unexhausted resources; but borrowing from maturity compactness and solidity of idea—the link between speculation and practice—the power to impress on others a sense of the superiority which has been self-elaborated by unconscious culture.

"So!" said Vance, after a prolonged pause, "I don't know whether I have resolve or genius; but, certainly, if I have made my way to some small reputation, patience, hope, and concentration of purpose must have the credit of it; and prudence, too, which you have forgotten to name, and certainly don't evince as a charioteer. I hope, my dear fellow, you are not extravagant. No debts, eh?—why do you laugh?"

"The question is so like you, Frank—thrifty as ever."

Do you think I could have painted with a calm mind, if I knew that at my door there was a dun whom I could not pay? Art needs serenity; and if an artist begin his career with as few shirts to his back as I had, he must place economy among the rules of perspective."

Lionel laughed again, and made some comments on economy which were certainly, if smart, rather flippant, and tended not only to lower the favorable estimate of his intellectual improvement which Vance had just formed, but seriously disquieted the kindly artist. Vance knew the world—knew the peculiar temptations to which a young man in Lionel's position would be exposed—knew that contempt for economy belongs to that school of Peripatetics which reserves its last lessons for finished disciples in the sacred walks of the Queen's Bench.

However, that was no auspicious moment for didactic warnings.

"Here we are!" cried Lionel—"Putney Bridge."

They reached the little inn by the river-side, and while dinner was getting ready, they hired a boat. Vance took the oars.

Vance. "Not so pretty here as by those green quiet banks along which we glided, at moonlight, five years ago."

Lionel. "Ah, no. And that innocent, charming child, whose portrait you took—you have never heard of her since?"

Vance. "Never! How should I? Have you?"

Lionel. "Only what Darrell repeated to me. His lawyer had ascertained that she and her grandfather had gone to America. Darrell gently implied that, from what he learned of them, they scarcely merited the interest I felt in their fate. But we were not deceived—were we, Vance?"

Vance. "No; the little girl—what was her name? Sukey? Sally?—Sophy—true, Sophy—had something about her extremely prepossessing, besides her pretty face; and, in spite of that horrid cotton print, I shall never forget it."

Lionel. "Her face! Nor I. I see it still before me!"

Vance. "Her cotton print! I see it still before me! But I must not be ungrateful. Would you believe it, that little portrait, which cost me three pounds, has made, I don't say my fortune, but my fashion?"

Lionel. "How! You had the heart to sell it?"

Vance. "No; I kept it as a study for young female heads—'with variations,' as they say in music. It was by my female heads that I became the fashion; every order I have contains the condition—'But be sure, one of your sweet female heads, Mr. Vance.' My female heads are as necessary to my canvas as a white horse to Wouvermans' 'Beatrice.' Well, that child, who cost me three pounds, is the original of them all. Commencing as a Titania, she has been in turns a 'Psyche,' a 'Beatrice Cenci,' a 'Minna,' 'A Portrait of a Nobleman's Daughter,' 'Burns's Mary in Heaven,' 'The Young Gleaner,' and 'Sabrina fair,' in Milton's *Comus.* I have led that child through all history, sacred and profane. I have painted her in all costumes (her own cotton print excepted). My female heads are my glory—even the *Times'* critic allows *that!* 'Mr. Vance, *there,* is inimitable! a type of childlike grace peculiarly his own, etc., etc.' I'll lend you the article."

Lionel. "And shall we never again see the original darling Sophy? You will laugh, Vance, but I have been heart-proof against all young ladies. If ever I marry, my wife must have Sophy's eyes! In America!"

Vance. "Let us hope by this time happily married to a Yankee! Yankees marry girls in their teens, and don't ask for dowries. Married to a Yankee! not a doubt of it! a Yankee who chaws, whittles, and keeps a 'store!'"

Lionel. "Monster! Hold your tongue! *Apropos* of marriage, why are you still single?"

Vance. "Because I have no wish to be doubled up! Moreover, man is like a napkin, the more neatly the housewife doubles him, the more carefully she lays him on the shelf. Neither can a man once doubled know how often he may be doubled. Not only his wife folds him in two, but every child quarters him into a new double, till what was a wide and handsome substance, large enough for any thing in reason, dwindles into a pitiful square that will not cover one platter—all puckers and creases—smaller and smaller with every double—with every double a new crease. Then, my friend, comes the washing bill! and, besides all the hurts one receives in the mangle, consider the hourly wear and tear of the linen-press! In short, Shakspeare vindicates the single life, and depicts the double in the famous line—which is no doubt intended to be allegorical of marriage—

'Double, double, toil and trouble.'

Besides, no single man can be fairly called poor. What double man can with certainty be called rich? A single man can lodge in a garret, and dine on a herring; nobody knows, nobody cares. Let him marry, and he invites the world to witness where he lodges, and how he dines. The first necessary a wife demands is the most ruinous, the most indefinite superfluity; it is Gentility according to what her neighbors call genteel. Gentility commences with the honey-moon; it is its shadow, and lengthens as the moon declines. When the honey is all gone, your bride says, 'We can have our tea without sugar when quite alone, love; but in case Gentility drop in, here's a bill for silver sugar-tongs!' That's why I'm single."

"Economy again, Vance."

"Prudence—dignity," answered Vance, seriously; and sinking into a reverie that seemed gloomy, he shot back to shore.

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. XXX.

Patmos and the Vision of John.—The Seven Churches.—Smyrna and the Ladies.—A Horse kicks a Lady and we get into a Harem.—Oulaf Effendi's Ladies.—The way to cure Diseases in the East.—Smyrna to Ephesus.—Ephesus and its Ruins.—Burial-place of John the Divine and the Virgin Mary.

So we commenced our journey to the sites of the Seven Churches which were in Asia.

Far out in the wild sea, over whose waves we had rolled along to the Gulf of Smyrna, there was a rocky isle that raised its stern hills above the ancient waters. Over those waters the songs of Homer and other Grecian bards had sounded in the old, old days. But the songs of Homer were human songs, of the brave past—stories of stout men battling with men in the wars that men thought grand, but which in the long annals of eternity will seem but passing ripples of action on the sea of existence.

On that rocky island once sat an old and way-worn man. John the beloved, last of all the Lord's disciples, had loved Him and been loved of Him best of all, but had been by some strange will of his Master kept longest on earth, and away from Him. Longing with a desire that could not be more thrillingly expressed in words than in his last half-prayerful, half-exultant cry, "Surely I come quickly; amen! even so, come, Lord Jesus," the disciple whose head had lain so often on the breast of his master, lay on a rocky pillow at Patmos, while by God's will his soul was in the divine presence. The head of the beloved disciple was white now as snow, and his face, once fair, was wrinkled with age. But now across the Holy Sea a song, a prophecy, an utterance of the Divine voice through the lips of man, goes to the Seven Churches in Asia. Never before, never since, have the waters of the Archipelago heard such eloquence of poetry, such grandeur of inspiration. If I were an infidel, I could not doubt that the Revelation to John was the grandest poem or dream that human lips ever uttered to the ears of men. Believing it, as I do, the voice of God himself, I am not ashamed to say that, standing on the hill above Smyrna, and looking down on the city and out on the sea, I believed that I was on holy ground, and I seemed to hear a voice above me, forever sounding in the sunshine and the starlight alike over the city, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life!"

Pardon me. I am not to write of thoughts, feelings, or emotions. I have promised you that these letters shall be simple records of what I do, am, and see. But before I write farther let me ask you to open your Bible and just read over the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th verses of the first chapter of the Revelation of St. John the Divine, and then you will surely be able to appreciate the feelings of one who has landed at Smyrna with the idea of visiting the ruins of those great cities which once heard those words, fresh from the lips of the beloved disciple.

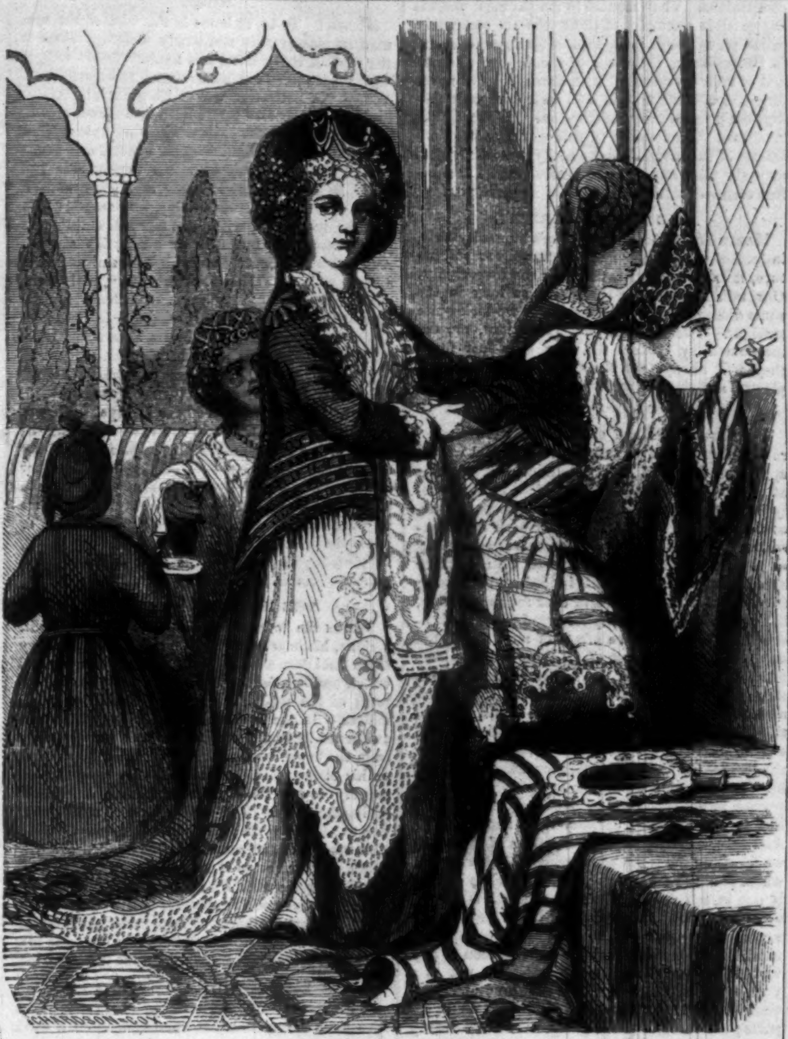
But Smyrna the modern has no relics of Smyrna of that time: this you know. It is a busy, active city, where the people seem to have something of the Western spirit of money-making. In the harbor lie ships of all nations, and in the bazars are men who speak nearly every language under the sun.

We were in Smyrna three weeks. Long enough, you will say, to know something of it. I assure you it was. We knew it tolerably well, and we had some incidents of adventure that might be worth relating. Thus the old baronet got into a scrape with a Smyrna lady that afforded us lots of amusement, and Miss Grandison, the queenly lady Kate, actually found herself involved in an intrigue without knowing it herself, and John Steenburger fought a duel with the husband of a pretty Greek woman, an impromptu duel, growing out of the fact that John wouldn't pay her the attention she wanted, at which her husband was properly resentful, and—the catalogue is endless. Every body that visits Smyrna gets into some scrape with the ladies. Every body except myself. I got into none, but I got into a harem.

You will recollect that Steenburger had done this once or twice by accident. I did it in a more legitimate way.

Oulaf Effendi is a wealthy Turk of Smyrna, who lives in gorgeous style, with the full Mohammedan allowance of four wives and I do not know but four hundred slaves. Never was more superb harem, and between ourselves never was more beauty in a harem.

Miss Grandison bought a horse, or her father for her, of Oulaf Effendi. The horse was recommended as gentle and kind; he was, in fact, a perfect devil. The first day she rode him I was with her, and in one of the upper streets the animal plunged into a little flock of ladies, and out flew his feet and over went a lady with a shriek, and it turned out to be one of Oulaf Effendi's favorite slaves. We picked her up and carried her into the house, which was close by. Miss Grandison led the way into the women's apartments, and I remained outside till I was accosted by one of the black guardians as a hakim, and asked to go in and see the wounded lady. I went, of course, for little as my medical skill is, it was at all events enough to give me the


LOOKING OUT AT THE LATTICE.

name of Doctor, in this country where charms and incantations answer the purpose of pills and plasters. Miss Grandison had convinced them that I was a physician of magical powers, and I was ushered into the holiest of Eastern places.

The word *harem*, literally translated into English, may be understood to be *sacred, forbidden ground*, or what the Sandwich Islanders call *Tabu*. It is applied to all mosques, and all holy places. No infidel, unbeliever, or stranger may enter a harem. Eunuchs are employed to guard the mosques as they are the apartments of the women.

The wounded lady was lying on a magnificent couch. That she was the favorite was sufficiently evident from the deference paid her on all sides, and the fact that I was admitted to her presence was accounted for only by the sudden and terrible anxiety of her lord and master, who sat at her feet and eyed me, when I entered, with a look of fierce anger that was rather amusing to one who understood how dependent he felt himself on my skill.

Miss Grandison sat at her side, and fortunately the Turk understood Arabic, so that we got along well enough. I gave him to understand in very short order that I would have no insolence; that if he and his household were not perfectly respectful, I would let him and his go to Shitan as rapidly as their natural proclivities would lead them.

Then I examined the lady. She had a glorious eye, a shoulder and arm that were of the mould of the Venus of Milo, and a lip that the old Turk might well have been proud of possessing. She was not seriously hurt. That was comforting, since my skill as a physician was not brought into very dangerous requisition. I sang a stave or two out of an old song, by way of incantation, burned a handful of feathers by way of suffocating the by-standers, and after using up ten minutes in similar nonsense I came away, with Miss Kate, both of us exceedingly gratified at the opportunity we had enjoyed of seeing the interior of a magnificent harem.

Next day I called, physician like, and my boldness procured me an entrance to the lady's rooms again. My coming was sudden. Oulaf himself led me in and gave the warning of my approach, but I can not help thinking the ladies intentionally disregarded the voice; and one, who wished to show me her face and prove to me that Oulaf's taste was faulty, turned from a lattice as I entered and let the full glare of her countenance fall on me. Certainly Oulaf Effendi was mistaken. This one was far more beautiful than the favorite.

Times are slowly changing among the Turks. It is not long since a Christian hakim would have been slain on the threshold of the harem, rather than permit his entrance. Now it is not infrequent for them to be called in, and as the doctors insist always on seeing face and tongue, the worthy pashas have quite gotten used to the thing. In Smyrna, perhaps, it is different from other cities. Here there are so many Greek ladies who see strangers always as freely as we do in America, that the Turkish families are getting more accustomed to it.

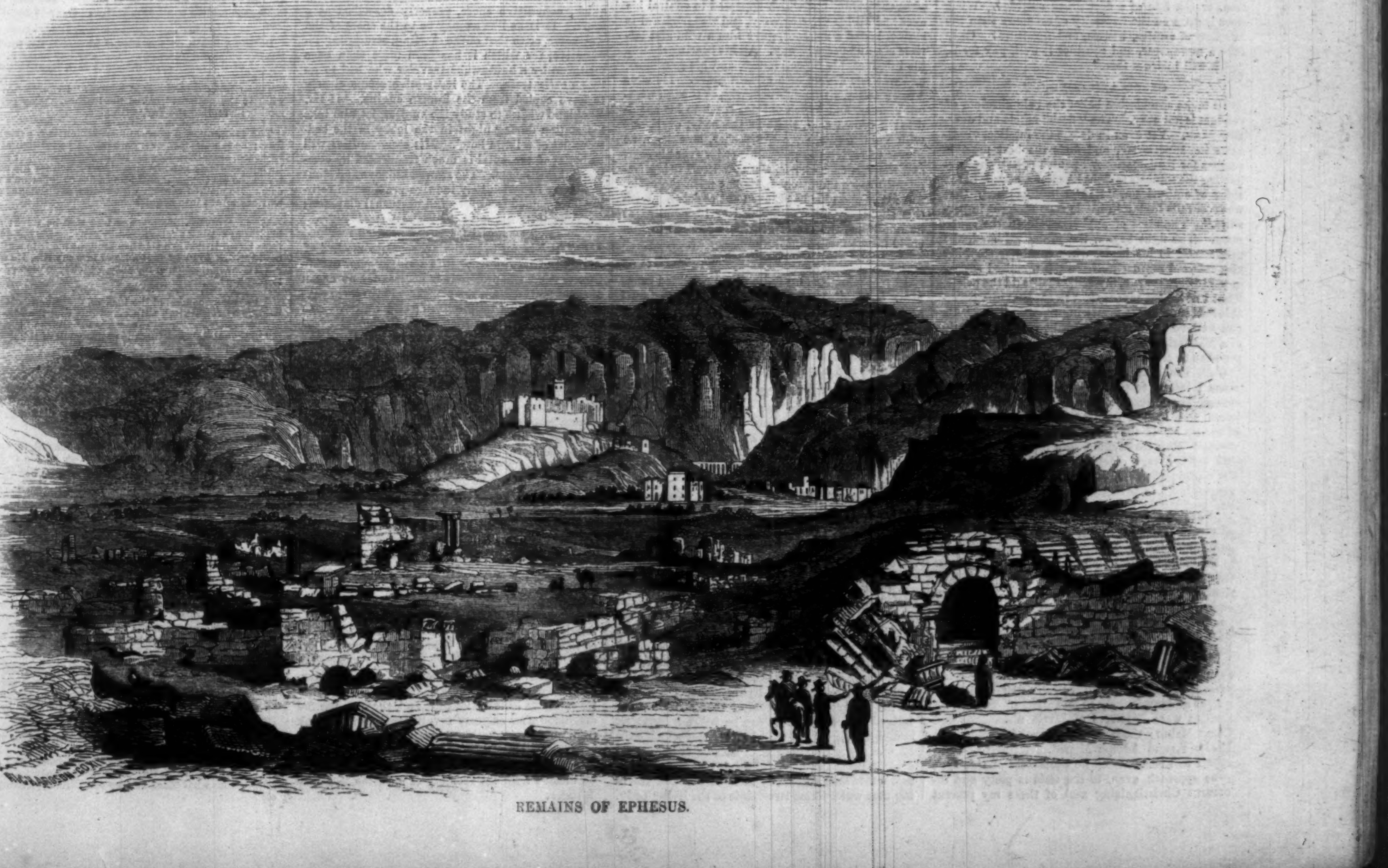
Smyrna abounds in pretty women. It is celebrated for this throughout the Levant. The Greek ladies of Smyrna are of fine form and clear complexions, good features, and sparkling eyes.

But I must not pause longer in Smyrna. We left it with camp equipage, and are here among the ruins of Ephesus. I can not even have time to sketch the journey of two days which we accomplished by aid of large camels, noble animals surpassing in size the camels of the Hejaz, but very slow in gait. We are living now in our tents where the great fane of Diana once reared its gorgeous walls.

Do you wish to know what now remains of Ephesus the magnificent? A waste, on which lie a few walls, a few broken columns, a ruined theatre, and nothing more. The harbor is a swamp. The temple of Diana is utterly gone. Never was desolation more complete, ruin more total. God did come, and did "remove the candlestick out of its place," and the city of the first of the Seven Churches became a wild ruin, a haunt of the jackal and the owl.

Yet here is holy ground. For this dust that I hold in my hand was once the dust of John, and this flower that I have plucked at the side of a broken column sprang from the grave of Mary, the mother of the Lord. Yes, even so. John and Mary died and were buried at Ephesus, and though they show at Jerusalem the tomb of the Virgin in the valley of Jehoshaphat, yet she lies here in the dust of Ephesus, and the memory of Diana fades before the splendor of her memory who was honored among all women as being the mother of the Son of God.

How in the few days that we have rested here this memory has come over us and made the very atmosphere seem holy you may well imagine. We are no Marioloters; but we do honor to the grave of the mother of the Immaculate. Though we do not believe her immaculate, we nevertheless believe that she is first of women in heaven, and that


REMAINS OF EPHESUS.

it is a pious duty to do homage to her grave here among the ruins of the great city.

John Steenburger sits by the hour on ruins, and wonders if this is her grave, or that, or this, or that; Miss Grandison plucks flowers every where, and presses them to be sure of some particle of the dust. Sir John strolls quietly about the desolate ruins, and once in a while looks up at me and expresses himself briefly and sententiously thus: "Deuced lonesome, isn't it?" and I, standing quiet in the sunshine, which falls with splendor and gentleness combined, or sitting on a fallen column, or a fragment that may have been an altar of Diana, remember John, and his Lord's last charge, and how well he kept it.

I thought I had left Holy Land, but I find it here in Ephesus.

Miscellany.

A TASTE FOR READING.

"If I were to pray," says Herschel, "for a taste which should stand by me under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it, of course, only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree derogating from the higher office, and sure and stronger panoply of religious principles, but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history, with the wisest, the wittiest, with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him.

"It is hardly possible but the character should take a higher and better tone from his constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good-breeding and civilization from having constantly before our eyes the way in which the best-bred and best-informed men have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other. There is a gentle but perfectly irresistible coercion in a habit of reading, well directed, over the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct, which is not the least effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of. It civilizes the conduct of men, and suffers them not to remain barbarous."

A NEWSPAPER.

It was Bishop Horne's opinion that there was no better moralist than the newspaper. Of it he said: "The follies, vices, and consequent miseries of multitudes, displayed in a newspaper, are so many beacons continually burning to turn others from the rock on which they have been shipwrecked. What more powerful dissuasive from suspicion, jealousy, and anger than the story of one friend murdered by another in a duel? What caution more likely to be effective against gambling and profligacy than the mournful relation of an execution, or the fate of a despairing suicide? What finer lecture on the necessity of economy than the auctions of estates, houses, and furniture? Only take a newspaper, and consider it well, pay for it, and it will instruct thee."

CREED AND CONDUCT.

To make speculative belief the rule absolute of conduct is not easy. The "flesh" rebels and overpowers us. Yet even in defeat the intellect vindicates its superiority, and finds the best possible reasons for its defeat. A Spanish priest, once exhorting the soldiers to fight like lions, added, in the ardor of enthusiasm, "Reflect, my brethren, that whoever falls to-day in battle sups to-night in paradise." Thunders of applause saluted the sentiment. The fight began, the ranks wavered, the priest took to his heels, when a soldier stopping him referred reproachfully to the promised supper in paradise. "True, my son, true," said the priest, "but I never eat suppers!" Is not that unanswerable? Many believe firmly in predestination. "Do you believe in predestination?" said the captain of a Mississippi steamer to a clergyman who happened to be traveling with him. "Of course I do." "Well, I'm glad to hear it." "Why?" "Because I intend to pass that boat ahead in fifteen consecutive minutes, if there be any virtue in pine-knots and loaded safety-valves. So don't be alarmed, for if the boilers ain't to burst they won't." Here the divine began putting on his hat, and looking very much like backing out, which the captain observing said, "I thought you said you believed in predestination, and what is to be will be." "So I do; but I prefer being a little nearer the stern when it takes place." The truth is, arguing upon principles of predestination is arguing in a circle. A thief tried to excuse himself to his judge by informing his lordship that he had from all eternity been destined to commit the particular theft for which he was tried. "Very well," answered the judge, "and I was destined to send you to the tread-mill."

FRENCH PIETY.

Many of our people were of the most serious, evangelical class in France and Switzerland—such persons as the French respectfully designate as *dévots*, or contemptuously as *Methodistes*. Those from Geneva were followers of Merle d'Aubigné and Cesar Malan; those from France, of such men as Frederick and Adolph Monod. Hitherto in Europe I had encountered no characters of this type—no approach, even, to the serious piety and incessant Christianizing zeal of these my present companions. They seemed to me the most charming possible examples of those who are commonly called pious people; amiable in manners, cheerful in conversation, conscious of the beauty of earth and of their brotherhood with humanity, yet never forgetful of their mystic life, their heavenly calling, the price of their redemption. In short, they combined the existence of this world and the existence of the invisible more easily, gracefully, and lovingly than any class of persons that I had before seen.—*De Forest's European Acquaintance.*

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Habit eats so deeply into man's humanity that, instead of constituting no more than his second nature, it expels the first, usurping the sovereignty. Our minds may turn their eyes so long in the same direction that never again can we look quite straight. Thoughts, passions, affections, are domesticated by custom till, like barn-door fowl, they will always eat their meat from the same platter, and sleep upon the same roost.

WOMEN AND MEN.

Perhaps at no age since Eve's were women rated so exclusively at their own personal worth, apart from poetic flattery or tyrannical depreciation; at no time in the world's history judged so entirely by their individual merits; and respected according to the respect which they earn for themselves. And shall we value ourselves so meanly as to consider this unjust? Shall we not rather accept our position, difficult, indeed, and requiring from us more than the world ever required before, but from its very difficulty rendered the more honorable? Let us not be afraid of men, for that, I suppose, lies at the root of all these amiable hesitations. "Gentlemen don't like such and such things." "Gentlemen fancy so and so unfeminine." My dear little foolish cowards, do you think a man—a good man—in any relation of life, ever loves a woman the more for reverencing her the less? Or likes her better for transferring all her burdens to his shoulders, and pinning her conscience to his sleeve? Or even supposing he did like it, is a woman's divinity to be man or God? And here, piercing to the foundation of all truth, we may find the truth concerning self-dependence, which is only real and only valuable when its root is not in self at all; when its strength is drawn, not from man, but from that higher and diviner source whence every individual soul proceeds, and to which alone it is accountable. As soon as any woman, old or young, once feels that, not as a vague, sentimental belief, but as a tangible, practical law of life, all weakness ends; all doubt departs; she recognizes the glory, honor, and beauty of her existence; she is no longer afraid of its pains; she desires not to shift one atom of its responsibilities to another; she is content to take it just as it is from the hands of the All-Father, her only care being so to fulfill it, that while the world at large may recognize and profit by her self-dependence, she herself, knowing that the utmost strength lies in the deepest humility, recognizes, solely and above all, her dependence upon God.

PETER THE GREAT.

He was a very tall man, exceedingly well made, rather thin, his face somewhat round, a high forehead, good eyebrows, a rather short nose, but not too short, and large at the end, rather thick lips, complexion reddish brown, good black eyes, large, light, piercing, and well open. His looks majestic and gracious when he liked; but when otherwise, severe and stern, with a twitching of the face not often occurring, but which appeared to control his eyes and all his physiognomy, and was frightful to see—it lasted a moment, gave him a wild and terrible air, and passed away. All his bearing showed his intellect, his reflectiveness, and his greatness, and was not devoid of a certain grace. He wore a linen collar, a round, brown wig, as though without powder, and which did not reach to his shoulders; a brown coat, tight in the body, even, and with gold buttons; vest, breeches, stockings, no gloves or ruffles, the star of his order over his coat, and the cordon under it, the coat itself being frequently quite unbuttoned, his hat upon the table, but never upon his head, even out of doors. With this simplicity, ill-accompanied or ill-mounted as he might be, the air of greatness natural to him could not be mistaken.—*Memoirs of St. Simon.*

THE INFINITE.

In mathematics any finite quantity added to infinity is nothing. In theology, take all the good qualities in man, and add infinity to them, and you think you have some conception of the Divine Being. But you are lost in the thought; for all the good in man is nothing, and God is all in all—he is infinite, and eternally good.

WATER AS FOOD.

Tell the first man you meet that water is, on the whole, more nutritious than roast beef, and that common salt, or bone ash, is as much an edible as the white of egg, and it is probable that he will throw anxious glances across the streets to assure himself your keeper is at hand. Make the same statements tc the first man of science you meet, and the chances are that he will think you very ignorant of organic chemistry, or that you are playing with a paradox. Nevertheless, it is demonstrably true, and never would have worn the air of a paradox if men had steadily conceived the nature of an alimentary substance. *That* is an aliment which nourishes; whatever we find in the organism, as a constant and integral element, either forming part of its structure or one of the conditions of vital processes, that, and that only, deserves the name of aliment. If "to nourish the body" mean to sustain its force and repair its waste—if food enters into the living structure—and if all the integral constituents of that structure are derived from food—there can be nothing improper in designating as nutritious substances which have an enormous preponderance among the integral constituents. People who think it paradoxical to call water food will cease their surprise on learning that water forms two-thirds of the living body.

HOME.

Home! To be at home is the wish of the seaman on stormy seas and lonely watch. Home is the wish of the soldier, and tender visions mingle with the troubled dreams of trench and tented field. Where the palm-tree waves its graceful plumes, and birds of jeweled lustre flash and flicker among gorgeous flowers, the exile sits staring upon vacancy; a far-away home lies on his heart; and, borne on the wings of fancy over intervening seas and lands, he has swept away home, and hears the lark singing above his father's fields, and sees his fair-haired boy-brother, with light feet and childhood's glee, chasing his butterfly by his native stream. And in his best hours, home, his own sinless home, a home with his Father above that sky, will be the wish of every Christian man. He looks around him—the world is full of suffering; he is distressed by its sorrows and vexed by its sins. He looks within him—he finds much of his own corruption to grieve for. In the language of a heart repelled, grieved, and vexed, he often turns his eyes upward, saying, "I would not live here always. No, not for all the gold of the world's mines—not for all the pearls of her seas—not for all the pleasures of her flashing frothy cup—not for all the crowns of her kingdoms—would I live here always." Like a bird about to migrate to those sunny lands where no winter sheds her snows or strips the grove, or binds the dancing streams, he will often, in spirit, be pluming his wing for the hour of his flight to glory.—*Guthrie.*

THE HEART OF NAPOLEON.

When the body of Napoleon was opened, at St. Helena, his heart was taken out, and, preparatory to its final destination, put in a basin of spirits and water, and left, for the night, on a table in the bedroom of the medical man who had charge of the matter. In the course of the night the doctor was awakened from a light slumber by a heavy splash from the basin, and starting up, alarmed, he rested on his elbow, and, by the light of a taper, looked eagerly round the apartment before he should spring from bed. Not the shadow of an intruder was to be seen. What had moved the basin? Had that mighty heart, scorning to be quelled even by death, regained some of its terrible energies? Was it still leaping with life? Ha! catching the appearance of something moving in the corner of the room, he saw the heart of Bonaparte going into a hole in the wall; and, jumping from bed, was just in time to seize and rescue it from the teeth of a rat.

DISTINCTIONS IN SNORING.

The variety of power in the nasal organ is great. You have the piano snore, commencing on a weak key and passing away into a thin whistle, which we have mistaken for the wind playing through the keyhole or some other cranny. Then there is the great sonorous snore, pealing awfully through the house in the silence of the night. We once had a visitor with such gifted nostrils, and we can depone, that although he did not awaken any responsive concert in the pond, he set our two terriers, at dead of night, into a furious fit of barking. It was a new terror to them, and we had the greatest difficulty of explaining to Billy and Pepper that no harm was meant—that no invasion of the premises was threatened—that it was *vox et prœterea nihil.* The great snore is often varied by wild unearthly cadences, harmonizing with the howling wind without; and in listening to such a performance, we are free to confess that sometimes on our solitary pillow we have felt a little *eerie*. But the most characteristic and best defined snore is the sudden, quick, convulsive snore, properly described as a snort. It is as like as may be to the snort of the war-horse, or to that of the starting, struggling locomotive, for which it has been more than once mistaken by a half-awake traveler who had to go by an early train. The locomotive seems clearly to have copied from the human engine. If Mr. Buckland wishes to study the subject, let him take his station during night in the lobby of the bedroom-flat of a large hotel. His opportunities will be better if the hotel is much frequented by commercial gentlemen. The stewed kidneys and stout gin-toddy in which they indulge previous to retiring form a good basis for a full nocturnal diapason:

> "From their full racks the gen'rous steeds retire,
> Dropping ambrosial foams and snorting fire."

A *full rack* seems to be the appropriate method of tuning the instrument. It is a vulgar error to suppose that a large proboscis is necessarily an organ of great power. On the contrary, in the huge cavern the air seems to lose itself; and we have seen an insignificant *snub* that would have outsnored the most exaggerated Roman variety.

THE LOVE OF HOME.

It is only shallow-minded pretenders who make either distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did happen to me to be born in a log-cabin, raised among the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that, when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist. I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generation before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the narration and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode; I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living. And if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all domestic comforts beneath its roof, and, through the fire and blood of seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted from the memory of mankind!—*Daniel Webster.*

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Arab Proverbs.—If your friend is made of honey, do not eat him all up. If you travel through the country of the blind, be blind yourself. When you are the anvil, have patience; when you are the hammer, strike straight and well. He who can not take a hint, can not comprehend a long explanation. Take counsel of one greater, and one less than yourself, and, afterward, form your own opinion.

Market Report.—"Tin plates are flat, lead heavy, iron dull, Champagne is brisk, rhubarb and senna are drugs, starch is stiffening, and paper is stationary. There is no life in dead hogs, but considerable animation in old cheese."

Ladies don't know whether they like smoking or not. With special favorites, they like it; with general favorites, they don't dislike it; and with no favorites, they detest it.

Colonel Morberton Topp, making a speech at Memphis, Tennessee, oracularly observed: "Truths make but slow progress with *mankind*, however obvious they may appear to *others;*" meaning, we suppose, *womankind.*

The action of sighing arises from very similar causes to those of yawning. But in sighing, the nervous depression is caused by *grief;* while in yawning, it is the result of *fatigue.* In sighing, the effect is generally caused by an *expiration*—in yawning, by an *inspiration.* The mind, wearied and weakened by sorrow, has omitted, for a few seconds, to continue the respiratory process; and then, suddenly, there comes an involuntary expiration of the breath, causing a faint sound as it passes the organs of the voice.

It is better to yield a little than quarrel a great deal. The habit of standing up, as people call it, for their (little) rights is one of the most disagreeable and undignified in the world. Life is too short for the perpetual bickering which attends such a disposition; and, unless in a very momentous affair indeed, where other people's claims and interests are involved, we question if it is not wiser, happier, and more prudent to yield somewhat of our precious rights than squabble to maintain them.

A youth that was jilted said once, to a wag,
"My love, I'm afraid, is beginning to flag."
"Oh, think not of *flagging,*" replied he, "I pray,
But choose the best method of *paving your way.*"

Never look sad—there's nothing so bad
As getting familiar with sorrow;
Treat him, to-day, in a cavalier way,
And he'll seek other quarters to-morrow.

A person below the middle stature observed, he could boast of two negative qualifications, viz., that he never wore a *great coat,* nor ever lay *long* in bed.

A gentleman, at a tea-party, overhearing one lady say to another, "I have something for your *private ear,*" immediately exclaimed, "I protest against that, for there is a law against *privateering.*"

Temporal Blessings.—Wish for them cautiously—ask for them submissively—want them contentedly—obtain them honestly—accept them humbly—manage them prudently—employ them lawfully—impart them liberally—esteem them moderately—increase them virtuously—use them subserviently—forego them easily—resign them willingly.

Peace of Mind.—Quiet of mind and ease within is a great blessing, upon which the comfort of life depends. Nothing, without this, can make one's life happy. The spirit brought down to the lot, makes and maintains this inward tranquillity. Our whole trouble in our lot in the world ariseth from the disagreement of our mind therewith. Let the mind be brought to the lot, and the whole tumult is instantly hushed.

"Let the toast be—dear woman!" as the hungry husband said to his wife, who was in a hurry to clear off the breakfast-table.

Old Sir James Herring was remonstrated with for not rising earlier. "I can make up my mind to it," said he, "but I can not make up my body."

It is not great calamities that embitter existence; it is the petty vexations, the small jealousies, the little disappointments, the minor miseries, that make the heart heavy and the temper sour. Don't let them. Anger is a pure waste of vitality: it is always foolish, and always disgraceful, except in some very rare cases, when it is kindled by seeing wrong done to another; and even that noble rage seldom mends the matter. Keep in good-humor.

During a lesson on the animal kingdom, the teacher put the following question: "Can any boy name me an animal of the order *edentata*—that is, a front-toothless animal?" A boy (whose face beamed with pleasure at the prospect of a good mark) replied, "I can." "Well, what is the animal?" asked the teacher. "My grandmother!" replied the boy, with glee.

The company of a good-humored man is a perpetual feast; he is welcomed every where. Eyes glisten at his approach, and difficulties vanish in his presence. Franklin's indomitable good-humor did as much for his country in the old Congress as Adams's fire or Jefferson's wisdom. He clothed wisdom with smiles, and softened contentious minds into acquiescence.

When Algernon Sydney was told that he might save his life by telling a falsehood—by denying his handwriting—he said: "When God has brought me into a dilemma in which I must assert a lie or lose my life, He gives me a clear indication of my duty, which is to prefer death to falsehood."

An old lady combated the idea of the moon being inhabited by remarking, with emphasis, that the idea was incredible—"For," said she, "what becomes of the people in the moon when there is nothing left of it but a little streak?"

The following words, if spelled backward or forward, are the same: "Name no one man."

"I talk a good deal, but I talk well," said an impudent fellow. "*Half* of that is true," replied a gentleman.

The gallant Colonel M'Clung was addicted to fits of abstract thinking, even in the presence of his friends. The following will illustrate this peculiarity, and the epigrammatic mode of thought which made it so. I was once sitting at the dinner-table opposite him; between us was an antediluvian duck, which I was making desperate efforts to disintegrate. I observed the Colonel regarding me with a steady smile, and remarked, "Colonel, you appear to be amused at my awkwardness." "No, Sir," replied he, "I was thinking why the term *duck* was used as a word of endearment, and *goose* one of reproach.

The editors of one of the New Orleans papers announce the death of the great pulpit orator, Henry B. Bascom, and Bishop elect of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. The editors must have been taking a Rip Van Winkle nap; or the mails in *those* parts must be very slow—the event alluded to having occurred some eight years ago!

Impudent little boy (*to very fat old gentleman, who is trying to get along as fast as he can, but with very indifferent success*). "I say, old fellow, you would get on a jolly sight quicker if you would lie down on the pavement and let me roll you along."

An advertisement in the Liverpool *Daily Post* states that an active servant is wanted, "who must be a plain cook and able to dress a little boy five years old." Are the advertisers cannibals? And (we ask only for information), with what sauce do they eat little boys five years old?

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Franklin Square, *Monday, April* 5, 1858.

The foreign trade of the port for the last week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week of 1857.

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending April 3, 1858	$3,718,465	$1,344,083
Corresponding week, 1857	5,046,229	1,793,740
Decrease	$1,327,764	$449,657

Some $115,790 was exported in specie during the week. Money continues to be abundant at 5 @ 7 per cent.; many of the Banks are discounting for their regular customers at 6, and money is left with brokers at 5, and in some cases even lower. Exchange has risen nearly one per cent. Sterling is held at 107½ @ 108¼ @ 108¾.

The stock market has continued to decline throughout the week; the speculators for the fall seeming to have complete control of the market. The total decline since 8th March, when the rise culminated, is from 10 to 18 per cent. on the speculative shares; several of the State Stocks have sympathised.

The following table shows the movement during the week:

COURSE OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE FOR THE WEEK.

	March 27.	April 3.
N. Y. Central	87¾	82
Erie	23¾	20¾
Missouris	82½	81¾
Tennessees	87	89
Californias	87	87½
Ill. Cen. Bonds	93¾	93½
Ill. Cen. Shares	93	94
Cumberland	19	16¾
La Crosse	8½	8
La Crosse L. Gt.	34¾	31
Reading	48	43½
Rock Island	75	70
Panama	106	105½
Pacific Mail	79	74
M. Southern	21¾	20½
M. South'n pref.	45	43
M. Cen. Bds.	100	100
Toledo	44¾	40
Galena	90¾	83¾
Hudson	27	26½

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Monday, April* 5, 1858.

The Wholesale Produce Markets have been more active for flour, which closes a shade higher, with an upward tendency. Wheat has been in moderate supply and demand. Prices have favored buyers. A lively inquiry has prevailed for Corn at advancing rates. Rye, Barley, and Oats have attracted considerable attention....Cotton has been quite heavy and irregular, closing, however, with symptoms of returning vigor....Provisions have been in fair request, and prices generally exhibit more firmness....The grocery trade has not varied much in any respect....Hay has been more freely offered and purchased at reduced prices....The movements on Dry Goods have been to a moderate extent, indicating a firmer market for the leading kinds of domestic cotton fabrics. The week's import of Dry Goods amounted to $1,360,641 against $2,198,973 the corresponding week in 1857. The imports since the 1st of January have been $13,943,141 against $32,012,052 same time in 1857....The movements in other commodities were moderate and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 30	@	$4 60
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	4 30	@	4 65
Extra Western Flour, per barrel	4 45	@	7 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	4 40	@	7 00
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel	4 30	@	5 55
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	4 70	@	8 00
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 00	@	3 75
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 10	@	3 60
White Wheat, per bushel	1 15	@	1 50
Red Wheat, per bushel	99	@	1 20
New Crop Corn, per bushel	67½	@	71
Rye, per bushel	67	@	68
Barley, per bushel	66	@	74
Western Oats, per bushel	44	@	46
State Oats, per bushel	43	@	45
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	36	@	40
Southern Oats, per bushel	30	@	38
Cotton, middlings, per pound	11½	@	12½
Mess Pork, per barrel	16 90	@	17 00
Prime Pork, per barrel	13 70	@	13 75
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	10 00	@	11 00
Country Prime Beef, per barrel	7 50	@	8 00
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce	20 00	@	24 00
Beef Hams, per barrel	16 00	@	18 75
Cut Meats, per pound	6½	@	9½
Lard, per pound	10½	@	10¾
State Butter, per pound	17	@	26
Western Butter, per pound	12	@	18
Cheese, per pound	7	@	10
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 25	@	4 00
Rio Coffee, per pound	9½	@	11½
Cuba Sugar, per pound	5½	@	7½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	22½	@	30
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	5	@	7¾
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	34	@	36
Hyson Teas, per pound	28	@	60
Oolong Teas, per pound	32	@	55
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	22	@	22½
Bale Hay, per 100 pounds	40	@	55
Hops, Crop of 1857, per pound	5	@	8
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 68½	@	3 75
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	48	@	49
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 52½	@	1 55

Stock of several Articles on hand, in New York, about April 1.

	1857.	1858.
Ashes, barrels	773	1,883
Coffee, packages	95,473	35,385
Cotton, bales	84,381	43,991
Dyewoods, tons	565	3,164
Hemp, tons	115	550
Hemp, bales	11,721	29,231
Hides, number	45,756	245,116
Leather, Sole, sides	68,300	210,800
Molasses, hogsheads	5,301	3,090
Molasses, barrels	3,275	2,511
Pork, barrels	25,758	28,442
Beef, tierces and barrels	24,830	23,413
Rice, tierces	6,810	10,414
Rice, bags	—	410
Sugars, hogsheads	25,063	17,504
Sugars, bags	16,540	14,929
Sugars, boxes	29,390	3,901
Tobacco, Crude, hogsheads	4,326	3,767
Tobacco, Crude, bales	8,111	430
Tobacco, Manufactured, packages	39,468	29,053
Turpentine, Crude, barrels	unknown.	7,000
Turpentine, Spirits, barrels	unknown.	5,000

Freights were quite depressed. For Liverpool—Cotton, 3-16d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 6d. @ 1s. 8d. per barrel; Grain, 4½d. @ 5d. per bushel; Rosin, 1s. 9d. @ 2s. per barrel; Pork, 2s. 6d. per barrel; Beef, 3s. 6d. @ 3s. 9d. per tierce; and Heavy Goods, 15s. @ 20s. per ton. For other ports proportionate figures. The number of vessels, of all classes, in port on Saturday was 640.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were less freely supplied with Beeves, which were in fair request, and they closed somewhat more firmly....Milch Cows are arriving and selling slowly....Veal Calves were plentier and cheaper, with a limited demand....Sheep and Lambs were also more abundant, yet, having been in good request, they were quite stiffly held....Swine were scarce and inquired for at slightly improved prices....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending *March* 24.	Week ending *March* 31.
Beeves	3,648	2,792
Milch Cows	220	208
Veal Calves	639	747
Sheep and Lambs	2,808	3,985
Swine	2,467	3,085

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois	1006
Ohio	727
Virginia	143
New York	106
Indiana	81
Kentucky	48
Pennsylvania	20

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to first class Beeves, per pound	$ 7	@	$ 10½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	25 00	@	60 00
Veal Calves, per pound	4	@	7
Sheep and Lambs, per head	3 00	@	10 50
" " per pound	9	@	12
Live Swine, per pound	4½	@	6½
Dressed " "	6	@	8½

The Country Produce Markets have been more amply supplied with nearly all the leading kinds of produce. The demand has not been brisk. The alterations in prices have been of no noticeable importance.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, per barrel	$2 75	@	$4 25
Apples, dried, per pound	6½	@	7½
Peaches, dried, per pound	20	@	21
Plums, dried, per pound	18	@	20
Peanuts, per bushel	60	@	1 25
Cranberries, per barrel	13 00	@	15 00
Potatoes, per barrel	1 75	@	3 50
" per bushel	1 00	@	1 10
" sweet, per barrel	—	@	5 00
Onions, per barrel	2 00	@	4 50
Turnips, per barrel	75	@	87
Beets, per barrel	1 50	@	—
Parsnips, per barrel	1 38	@	1 50
Carrots, per barrel	2 00	@	—
Leeks, per 100 bunches	4 00	@	—
Garlic, per 100	5 50	@	—
Eggs, Limed, per dozen	8	@	10
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	15	@	16
Chickens, per pound	13	@	15
Fowls, per pound	11	@	13
Guinea Fowl, per pair	50	@	56
Ducks, per pound	18	@	20
" per pair	1 00	@	1 25
Turkeys, per pound	16	@	18
Geese, per pound	10	@	12
Pigeons, dead, per dozen	1 25	@	1 50
Prairie Hens, per pair	87	@	1 00
Partridge, per pair	1 00	@	1 25
Quail, per dozen	2 50	@	2 75
Roasting Pigs	1 25	@	2 50
Rabbits, each	18	@	25
Hares, each	31	@	44
Venison, per pound	8	@	12

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